

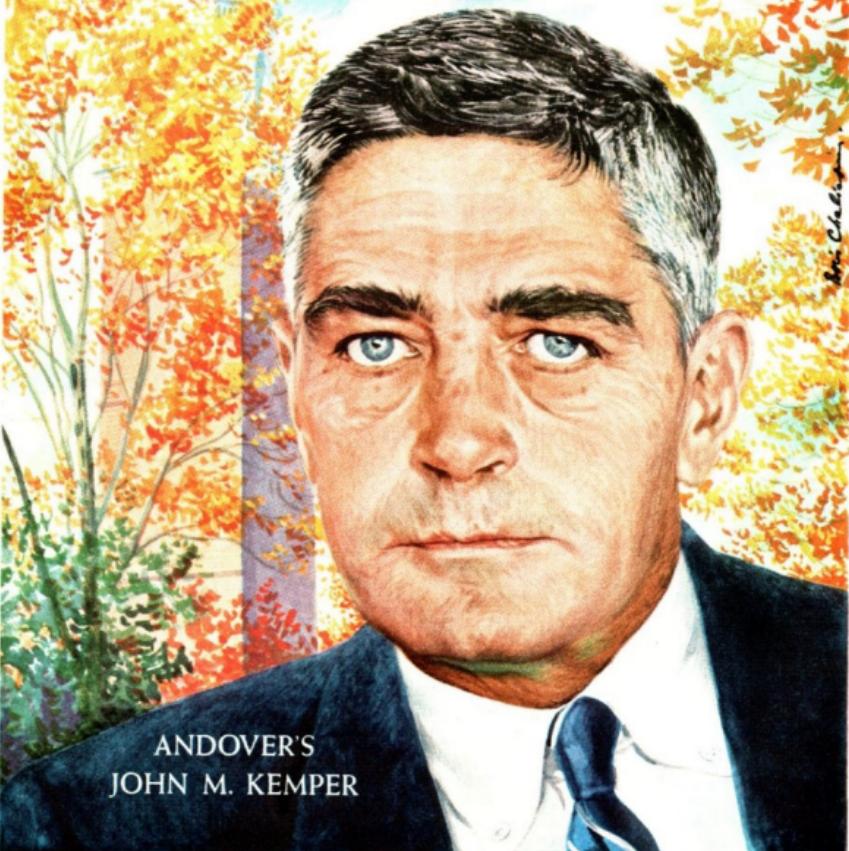
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OCTOBER 26, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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VOL. LXXX, NO. 17

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TIME
October 26, 1982

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Number 17



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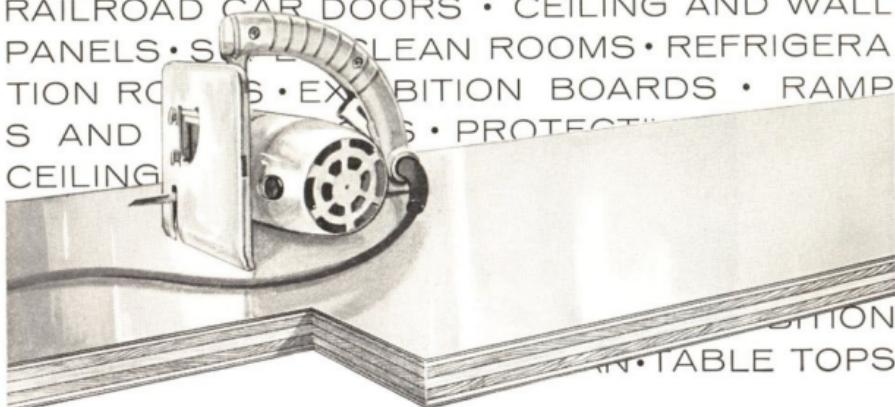
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Longest Day. General Zanuck's war games are played off like cops and robbers. With 42 stars and a musical score by Ludwig van Beethoven and Paul Anka to inspire them, Zanuck's troops have a splendid time on D-day outfoxing those funny old Germans, dodging bullets (even the casualties are bloodless), and scaring old ladies. *Day* is three hours long, and while it is never boring, it is basically an episodic documentary that sometimes has the bad taste to say: war is swell.

Long Day's Journey into Night. The greatest and most personal of Eugene O'Neill's plays has been respectfully translated by Director Sidney Lumet and a capable cast (Katharine Hepburn, Sir Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr., Dean Stockwell) into one of the year's finest films: a fearsome examination of the terrible things people do to each other in the name of love.

Gigot. A nice sentimental comedy in which Jackie Gleason plays a Parisian janitor and looks like an overweight hippopotamus impersonating the poor little match girl.

Barabbas. A religious spectacle that is also something of a religious experience: Pär Lagerkvist's novel about the man who went free when Christ went to the cross has been dramatized with spiritual insight by Christopher Fry, and is played with crude vigor by Anthony Quinn.

Divorce—Italian Style. This wickedly hilarious lesson in how to break up a marriage in divorceless Italy stars Marcello Mastroianni as a Sicilian smoothie who sheds his wife by doing the only Latin-gentlemanly thing: he resorts to bullets instead of court billets.

The Island. A Japanese silent (nobody says a word) that describes with relentless monotony the hard but beautiful life of a Japanese family who struggle to exist on a barren island in Japan's Inland Sea.

Yojimbo. A Japanese movie that is anything but silent, *Yojimbo* begins as a grisly and noisy parody of Hollywood westerns samurai-style, develops into a masterpiece of film making in the grand manner, and proves that Director Akira (*Rashomon*) Kurosawa is one of the world's greatest masters of satire.

TELEVISION

Wed., Oct. 24

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)
A look at the quieter, steadier, and more hopeful incidents of integration progress in the South.

The Bob Hope Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests for Hope's first program of the season are Bing Crosby, Lucille Ball and Juliet Prowse.

The Eleventh Hour (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Psychiatrist Wendell Corey, the new season's Ben Psyche, has George C. Scott under scrutiny as a Red Army officer who defected to the West and now wants to return to the Soviet Union.

Fri., Oct. 26

Hall of Fame (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.).
* All times E.D.T. through Oct. 27—after that, E.S.T.

The Teahouse of the August Moon with David Wayne, Paul Ford, and John Forsythe of the original Broadway cast. Also Miyoshi Umeki.

Route 66 (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Something called the Society for the Preservation of Geronuks meets in Chicago, and the result is a kind of ghouls' convention. Among those present: Lon Chaney Jr.

Sun., Oct. 28

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). A fragmentary adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*.

Politics '62 (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Campaigns in Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Nebraska. Interviewed are: former HEW Secretary Abraham Ribicoff, candidate for U.S. Senator from Connecticut; Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, up for re-election in Illinois; Senator Homer Capehart, running for re-election in Indiana; Robert A. Taft Jr., candidate for Congressman at large in Ohio; Michael Di Salle, running for re-election as Governor of Ohio; former Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, running for Governor in Nebraska.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 5:55-6 p.m.). This one is entirely focused on the fight between Dick Nixon and Pat Brown for Governor of California.

Mon., Oct. 29

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Brinkville has dug up a Peace Corps type who is disillusioned with his job in South America.

Tues., Oct. 30

Close-Up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A study of U.S. urban renewal programs, concentrating on Boston.

THEATER

The Affairs is an affair of justice, treated with a Galsworthy-like concern for the niceties of fair play. Judiciously adapted by Ronald Millar from the novel by C. P. Snow, the play relies on tension rather than passion, and its evocation of an English university milieu is donnish, literate and civilized.

A Man's a Man, by Bertolt Brecht. This Eric Bentley adaptation of a 1926 play by the late great German playwright uncannily prefigures the process of brain-washing. Amid chalk white masks, silent-movie captions and honky-tonk pianos, a sardonic 20th century dirge is sounded for the death of the individual.

With the new season footloose-dragging along, playgoers' choices are largely limited to several holdovers of merit. **A Man for All Seasons** might have taken its theme from Shakespeare's "Every subject's duty is the King's but every subject's soul is his own." Torn between duty and conscience is Sir Thomas More, played by Emlyn Williams. There is fresh comedy in the conformist cry for non-conformity as raised by **A Thousand Clowns**. As a nonworking anti-square, Jason Robards Jr. is supported by a prize cast of plodballs. Jean Kerr's **Mary, Mary** is baited with laughs, and Barbara Bel Geddes hooks every one, as this funny fest nears the 700-performance mark.

It takes a rare gift for meshing story, song and dance to fashion an outstanding

musical comedy. That gift is brilliantly displayed in **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying**. Dynamic Robert Morse supplies high-voltage clowning. High-styled low comedy of the vaudeville-cum-burlesque variety sets the house roaring with belly laughs at **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum**. Zero Mostel is the pluperfect master of the zany revels.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Chekhov, by Ernest J. Simmons. An absorbing if overdelated portrait of the mercurial Russian doctor who became, without meaning to, one of the world's great storytellers and playwrights.

The Vizier's Elephant and Devil's Yard, both by Ivo Andric. Two books—the first, three short novels, the second, a single not very long one—by the Yugoslav author of the powerful novel of tyranny in Bosnia, *The Bridge on the Drina*. His target is still tyranny, some of it ancient and some, as is clearly legible between the lines, quite modern.

Say Nothing, by James Hanley. In a novel written almost entirely in jagged-edged monosyllables, three guilt-ridden people in the north of England turn life into death by endlessly punishing one another.

The Kindly Ones, by Anthony Powell. A collection of British eccentrics, many of them familiar from the author's earlier novels, adjust fumblingly to the stern demands of World War II in this comic opera of a novel.

Company of Heroes, by Dale Van Every. A readable history of the bloodiest and perhaps least-known struggle in the American Revolution—the long death feud between settlers and Indians on the western frontier.

Images of Truth, by Glenway Wescott. Shrewd portraits of fellow authors (Katherine Anne Porter, Thomas Mann and others) by one of the U.S.'s best non-practicing novelists (the wrote *The Pilgrim Hawk*).

The Climb Up to Hell, by Jack Olsen. A skilled, dramatic retelling of the suicidal climb of four men up the north face of one of the Alps' worst man-killers, the Eiger.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (5)

3. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (2)
4. **The Prize**, Wallace (4)
5. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (3)
6. **The Thin Red Line**, Jones (9)
7. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (6)
8. **Act of Anger**, Spicer (9)
9. **Uhuru**, Ruark (10)
10. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (8)

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (2)
3. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (3)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (6)
5. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (5)
6. **Silent Spring**, Carson (4)
7. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (7)
8. **The Blue Nile**, Moorhead (8)
9. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (9)
10. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman

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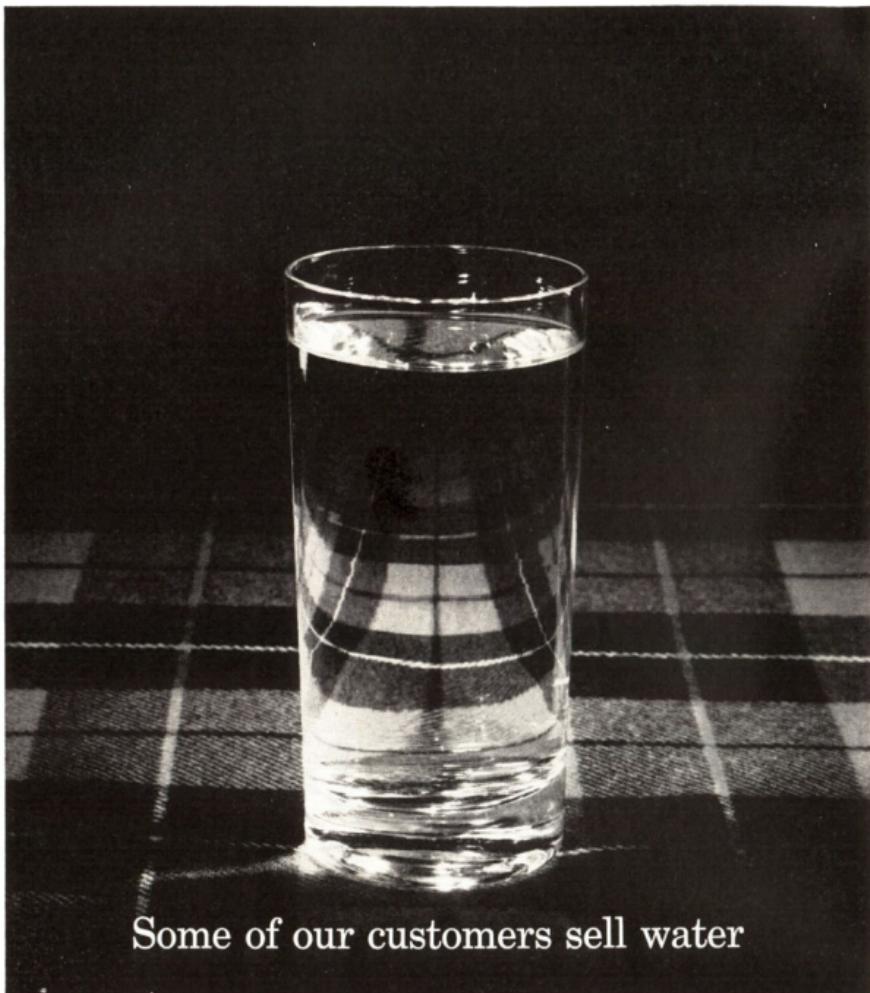
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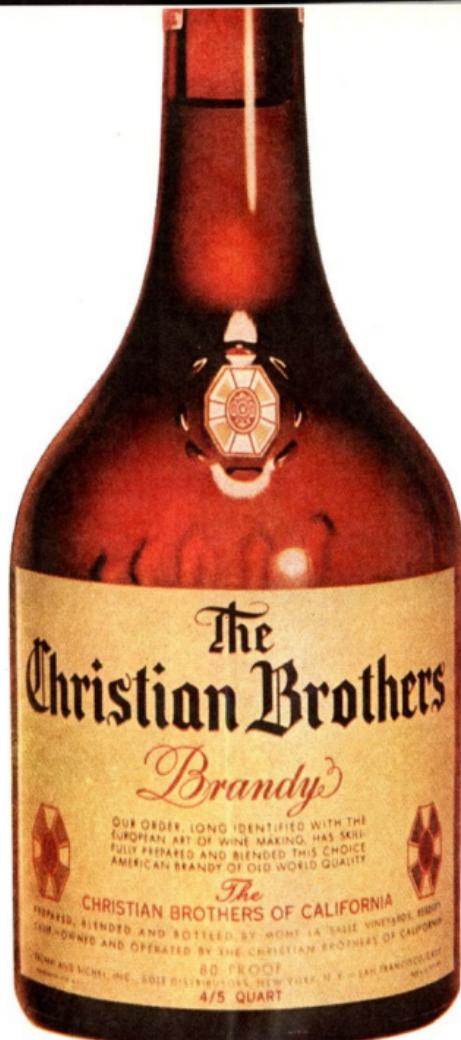
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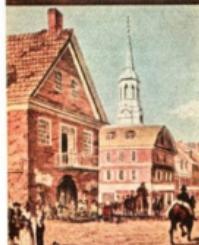
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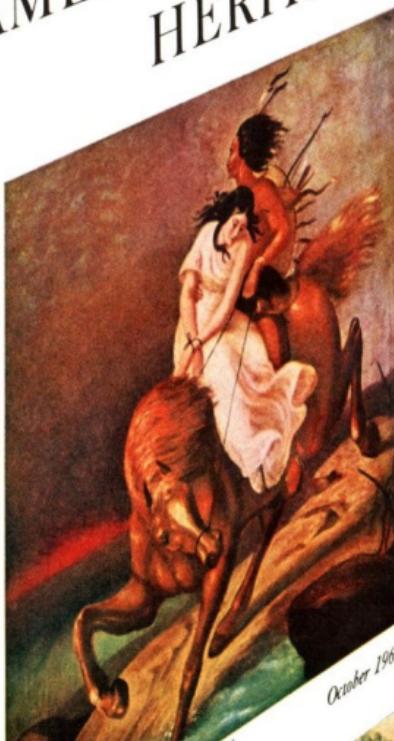
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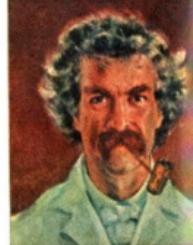
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AMERICAN HERITAGE



October 1982

The Abduction of Daniel Stoen's Daughter, by Charles Wimar



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LETTERS

Campaign Time

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Despite General Eisenhower's opinion of Mr. Kennedy, the image of the President is still first class in the staunchest of America's Western allies. His domestic legislative program evoked much approval in this country despite the opposition of Congress. Medicare may have died, but its idea still lives on. His profile as a courageous politician is all too obvious. Here is an American leader who can pursue the course which he considers best in Cuba despite popular opinion.

ANTHONY KERIGAN

Loughton, England

Sir:

J.F.K. could have brought Jackie, Caroline, Macaroni and Bobby with him into Michigan, thrown in the Hollywood "rat pack" as an added bonus, and still not have succeeded in swinging any significant number of Democratic, let alone Republican, votes back to Governor Swainson.

Just because we still like Jack doesn't mean we're idiotic enough to vote for any old Democratic nincompoop that comes along, be he backed by a Geraldini or a Fitzgerald.

ISABELLE MAHAN PEREGRIN

Detroit

Sir:

A J.F.K. news conference:
*Three hundred fifty words, no less,
Comprise for Jack a simple "Yes."*

*Three hundred fifty words, or so,
Make up for him a simple "No."*

*Deep in his slough of words, we find,
He cannot quite make up his mind.*

*When, as, and if he does, we'll guess
At whether he means "No" or "Yes."*

FRANK A. KAPP

Bradford Woods, Pa.

Sir:

To suggest, as you do, that the distribution of political power in Pennsylvania [Oct. 19] is responsible for its economic condition is absurd. To attribute the decline in steel production since 1956 to the Pennsylvania Democrats is transparently partisan.

Have you considered the fact that there was simultaneously a Republican (from Pennsylvania) in the White House with far greater control over the national economy than a Pennsylvania Governor?

JOSEPH E. ILLICK

Easton, Pa.

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The Palm Springs land "lock" is broken. Thousands of acres of profit-producing land owned by the Agua Caliente Indians, with a number of acres located in the heart of Palm Springs proper, are now available to wise investors, developers, builders, homeowners, retired people... to live on... relax on... profit on.

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1797. A footnote says, "Inscribed on the cenotaph in his memory in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S.C. What Pinckney really said was more forcible, 'not a damned penny for tribute.'"

Which "source" is correct?

(MRS.) ELLA D. ARMES
Owensboro, Ky.

► Bartlett is wrong. In 1797 a secret agent from Tallyrand told Pinckney that the American Commissioners sent to Paris to protest French attacks on U.S. shipping would be received only if they paid a \$50,000 bribe and made a large loan to the French government. Pinckney's words at this point, according to his own story, were, "Not a cent for tribute."

On June 15, 1798, at a Philadelphia banquet for John Marshall, one of the three Commissioners in what became known as the XYZ affair, Harper proposed the 13th toast of the evening: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The remark was later credited to Pinckney and although he never denied it publicly, he did so privately several times.—Ed.

La Ronde

Sir:

The American taxpayer buys U.N. bonds while the bankrupt U.N. underwrites the tailing currency of West New Guinea (West Irian), which is failing because the Dutch pulled out at the urging of the U.S. Government, which is supported by the American taxpayer.

W. C. HELLER

Frankfurt, Germany

A "C" for Fort Worth

Sir:

As the winner of the Van Cliburn International Competition, Ralph Votapek [Oct. 19] gave new cultural luster to Milwaukee.

The Fort Worth Piano Teachers' Forum devoted four years of hard work, and hundreds of Fort Worth citizens spent time and money, to put on this international competition and provide this splendid start for a new concert pianist.

Fort Worth is nationally known for cowboys. Won't you help us add another deserved "C" to the reputation of our city—Culture.

MRS. RICHARD PADGHAM

Fort Worth

A Fine Hand

Sir:

In your cover article on the Vatican Council [Oct. 5], you mentioned a special Latin shorthand devised for the meeting.

Among other subjects, I teach shorthand to high school students. I would be interested in knowing what system or method of shorthand is being used with this group.

(MRS.) MARY FELTENSTEIN

Evanston, Ill.

► The system, created by Alois Kennerknecht, professor of stenography at the interpreters' school of Mainz University, is a variation of the Pitman method based on sound rather than orthography.—Ed.

Plane Facts

Sir:

The usually excellent journalism of TIME went into a tailspin with your comment on Anthony Fokker [Oct. 12]. He "shocked off his allegiance to The Netherlands" only after the military of that country refused to consider his monoplane. I might add that, much to their later embarrassment, the Allies also

turned his design down. Fokker built planes for Germany because it was the only country that would buy them.

BRUCE GLASSFORD
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Close Shave

Sir:

The picture of Chekhov in your Oct. 19 issue does not bear even a faint resemblance to traditional images of Anton Chekhov.



REUTHERS ARCHIVE

INNESS

CHEKHOV

that we students of Russian schools in the 1920s saw while studying Russian literature.

ALEX AZELICKIS

Morton Grove, Ill.

► While Books was preparing the Chekhov review, Art was going to press with its story on 19th Century Painter George Inness [Oct. 12]. In the process a picture of Inness was labeled as Chekhov, but from the faces above you can see what a close shave it was.—Ed.

As Advertised

Sir:

One of the aims of this society, which is the voice of national advertisers in India, is to interpret the role of advertising in our expanding economy.

Your magnificent story [Oct. 12] on advertising in the U.S. was not only illuminating but most timely.

POTHEN PHILIP
Executive Secretary

The Indian Society of Advertisers Ltd.,
Bombay

Sir:

In line with the statement that advertising has indirectly increased the general level of U.S. taste, it also might be noted that by creating mass markets, advertising allows many industries to produce specialized, money-losing products, for example, scholarly books which Mr. Schlesinger, Ambassador Galbraith or Historian Toynbee could not do without.

Advertising is no more evil in itself than politics, the diplomatic service, or a study of history.

JERRY SIMPSON

Port Townsend, Wash.

Sir:

What a whitewashing TIME has rendered the loathsome advertising industry! Thanks to the advertisers and their companions in crime, the dollar-grabbing magazine and newspaper publishers, America has become a nation of brainwashed, debt-ridden, nicotine-addicted neurotics who have come to embrace the liquor bottle instead of God. And now they are advertising advertising!

(MRS.) HELEN STOLBERG
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Sir:

The assumption that tomorrow's advertising will become more sophisticated and taste-



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New York
banker
with the
hometown
touch

MEXICO CI

LONDON

PAR

Reading "between the lines" of fast-breaking international news is one way your banker from Chemical New York serves you.

He fills you in on the business end of international news

There are two sides to every international development.

One side is for everybody. The other is strictly for you. It tells how foreign events may affect your business.

If you have been missing this point of view, get in touch with your man from Chemical New York.

Because he can put you on a news

line to 50,000 foreign points where Chemical New York has contact with local bankers and businessmen. They will interpret current trade conditions, economic trends, and events relevant to your particular business.

All this information and the many banking services you need to act upon it are easy to come by. You just call

"The New York banker with the hometown touch"—our man who travels regularly in your region.

Chemical New York

CHEMICAL BANK NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY



*Nothing
matches
this
rich,
luxurious
taste*

A PRODUCT OF GLENMORE

KENTUCKY
TAVERN

America's Best Premium Bourbon

ful is correct. It will probably become more intelligent too. At present there is a strong trend toward everyone's being an amateur ad expert. Just watch the way people discuss, analyze and criticize advertisements.

Many a man will buy—and admit it—because of the excellence of the ad and with relative disregard for the product. This factor has a built-in guarantee for better standards. It's the singer, not the song.

JOHN M. MANN

London

Sir:

But for the talents of Madison Avenue, I would never have known what a headache or a sour stomach looks like.

R. F. COOK

Scotts Mills, Ore.

Sir:

About two years ago, I was watching a historical film at the Brooklyn Fox Theater. In one scene the leading character called out, "Ajax!" Thereupon, about half the audience let go with a hearty and melodious "... the foaming cleanser."

AARON SITTNER

Brooklyn

Sir:

One important argument for free enterprise has always been that it produces the goods consumers want, not the goods someone else makes them want or tells them they want.

Advertising is aimed at changing consumers' wants. Sometimes it succeeds; sometimes it does not. Insofar as it leaves our wants unchanged, it is a simple waste of money. Insofar as it changes our wants, it remains a waste, although a complex one. The point is that Professor Galbraith, Mr. Packard, Comrade Khrushchev and Chairman Mao could change our wants more and faster for much less than the \$12 billion charged by Madison Avenue.

MARTIN BRONFENBRENNER

Professor of Economics
Carnegie Institute of Technology
Pittsburgh

Sir:

It pays to advertise, but I am wondering if it pays to read about it.

Your excellent cover story this week on advertising started a dinner argument between three of my friends and myself, and we are not speaking.

What kind of a campaign do you suppose J. Walter Thompson and Associates would suggest for winning back three friends?

ROBERT L. RONAN

Alhambra, Calif.

Sir:

Thanks from one cat who is now somewhat better prepared to look before he licks.

EUGENE McFARLAND

San Francisco

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

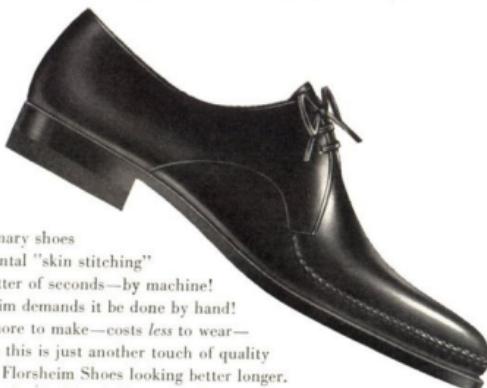
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Only the finest Hand Stitching
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FLORSHEIM

Hand Sewn Fronts



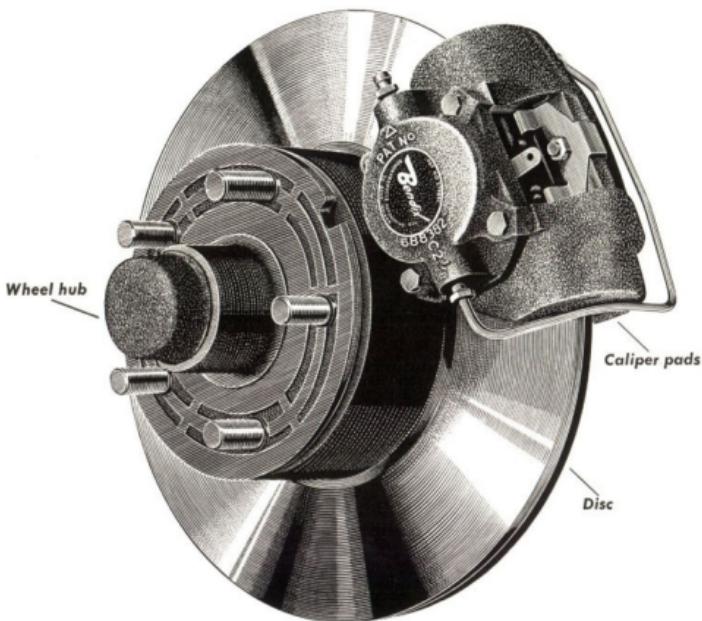
In ordinary shoes
ornamental "skin stitching"
is a matter of seconds—by machine!
Florsheim demands it be done by hand!
Costs more to make—costs less to wear—
because this is just another touch of quality
to keep Florsheim Shoes looking better longer.
This—and only this—is FLORSHEIM!

*Upper: The ROYCE, 20030; Magic Top slip-on hand-stitched front; 30023 in Perfecto brown, \$24.95
Lower: The ROYCE, 20635; three-eyelet blucher, hand-stitched front; 30637 in Espresso brown, \$24.95*

Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95

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A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

CAR SHOPPING FOR '63? DON'T MISS THIS GREAT **STUDEBAKER** SAFETY INNOVATION



MOST IMPORTANT BRAKE DEVELOPMENT IN 43 YEARS

Now for the first time on a U.S. car, caliper disc brakes for faster, safer, straight line stops. Won't fade. Are unaffected by water.

Not since the introduction of 4-wheel hydraulic brakes has there been a major improvement in brakes for an American passenger car.

Now Studebaker Corporation introduces power-assisted caliper disc brakes . . . standard for '63 on the Avanti and a low cost option on all Larks, the Cruiser and the Hawk. And disc brake performance is dramatically superior.

Even on the record-breaking Avanti, disc brakes stop the car in 150 feet less distance than conventional drum brakes—from 100 miles an hour. Studebaker cars are the first with brakepower that keeps pace with horsepower. Disc brakes have no fade and in heavy rain or puddles, the caliper pads sweep the discs clear to maintain stopping power. Whatever the weather, they give

you straight-line stops in amazingly short distance—time after time. Safer stops! You'll want to understand what disc brakes can mean to you. Visit your Studebaker dealer for an eye-opening demonstration of the most important improvement in brakes since 1920.

Be sure to ask your dealer about the new 24-month/24,000 mile Warranty on all cars from Studebaker!

From the Advanced Thinking of

Studebaker
CORPORATION

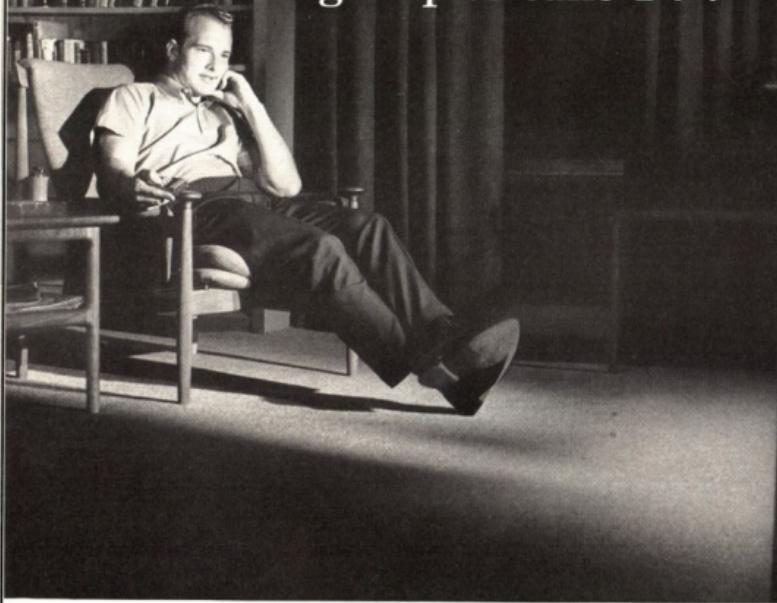
'63 Avanti—America's Most Advanced Automobile

'63 Lark & Lark Daytona—Feature Cars of their Class

'63 Cruiser—America's First and Only Limousette

'63 Hawk—America's Popular Priced Sports Classic

Why doesn't this famous pro halfback get up to tune TV?



Paul Hornung—Green Bay Packers' All-Pro half-back. NFL's leading scorer. All-American half-back. Heisman Trophy winner.



Paul Hornung is one of the hardest running backs pro football has ever known. But like thousands of active men—at home he likes to relax! That's why he chose the most advanced remote control system in television: Zenith Space Command! You just touch a button, to turn the set on. Adjust volume. Change channels. Turn sound off, while picture stays on. Or turn sound and picture completely off. You never move from your easy chair! Yet there are no cords . . . no wires . . . no batteries to change. Try Space Command at your Zenith dealers: on Zenith consoles, table models, portables and Zenith Color TV, too! *Once you've tried Zenith Space Command—you won't be satisfied till you own it!*



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CORPORATION, CHICAGO,
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ZENITH

*The quality goes in
before the name goes on*

THE NATION

THE CAMPAIGN

Two Big Issues

In Dallas, more than 1,000 people jammed a League of Women Voters luncheon, sent 250 questions to the head table to be answered by Texas' gubernatorial candidates. In Waukegan, Ill., 400 Democrats gathered around a roaring bonfire at a party rally. In Amherst, Mass., on a miserable, stormy night, nearly 1,000 packed the high school auditorium to hear political speeches. In Atlanta, a group of wealthy citizens met at a candlelight buffet dinner with a Republican candidate for Congress. When he was through speaking, a woman put the question that seems most on America's mind in Election Year 1962. "What," she asked, "about Cuba?"

These meetings, as much as the throngs that turn out for President Kennedy, and the women who clutch at him across the nation's airport fences, are meaningful to this campaign. Political observers can hardly wait when there was such interest in an off-year election. The citizens who turn out are not in a frolicsome mood. They listen intently, take notes, ask questions. As they do, two major issues take shape: 1) foreign policy, especially Cuba, and 2) money.

Setting the Course. "I never cared too much for old Harry Truman," growled a California farmer. "But he damn sure wouldn't have let Khrushchev move into Cuba." "We had a chance to correct the Cuba situation," said Thomas O'Grady, an Illinois railroad switchman. "But we lost it. I'm not blaming Kennedy, but hell, we've got to do something before things get out of hand down there." Following the example of Senior Republican Dwight Eisenhower, G.O.P. candidates have taken to the attack, charging the Administration with irresolution in its foreign policy and weakness in dealing with Castro.

The tactic can be dangerous. In Indiana, for example, Republican Senator Homer Capehart advocated a direct U.S. invasion of Cuba, hastily backed away when it seemed to be losing him votes. Yet the Democrats are clearly embarrassed by the foreign policy issue, prefer to discuss domestic matters whenever possible. If Cuba must be talked about, they argue, it should be talked about in the vaguest of terms. Urges the Democratic Senate Campaign Committee in a memo to party candidates: "Be for a course of action on Cuba, but a course of action short of invasion."

Ignoring the Fact. As the U.S. is frustrated by Cuba, so is it uneasy about the economy. That feeling was reflected in the stock market, which last week fell to 573.29 in the Dow-Jones industrial averages—lower than Blue Monday. It was reflected in the Federal Reserve Board's move to perk things up by cutting commercial bank reserve requirements. It was reflected in the things-are-going-to-get-better statements of such Administration officials as Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, and Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges (*see U.S. BUSINESS*).

But most of all it was reflected in the political battles at state and local levels. U.S. voters tend to feel helpless about the national economy and national tax policies; it's all too big to be understandable. They can, however, do something about state taxes—and a candidate can ignore that fact only at his peril.

The average per capita state tax has leaped from \$95 in 1952 to \$113 this year. In Ohio, Democratic Governor Mike DiSalle is in deep trouble because of the tax increase he pushed through the legislature to pay for his expanded welfare programs. In Michigan, Democratic Governor John Swainson is hard put to explain his state's

swelling deficit. In Colorado, Democratic Governor Steve McNichols balanced the budget and freed the state of bonded indebtedness. But he had to raise the income tax to do it, and it may cost him his job.

As always, many elections will be decided on the question of which candidate has the toothiest smile, or which is most likely to get Government aid for a new sewer district. But as rarely before in off-year elections, the bigger, more substantial issues are being discussed and debated in almost every state. A few months ago, President Kennedy asked for a national dialogue on the great national problems of the day. Now he is getting it, and the U.S. can only benefit.

Still Waiting to Hear

To hear President Kennedy on the campaign trail, about the only thing that really counts is whether the next U.S. Congress will be even more lopsidedly Democratic than the last. In some ways, what Kennedy does not say is more significant than what he does.

Kennedy argues that he needs even more Democrats in Congress in order to put through his domestic welfare programs. Last week in Connecticut, he passed the word again. On the green in



THE PRESIDENT AT SPRINGFIELD (ILL.) AIRPORT
But what about Cuba?

Waterbury, he cried: "Too many times I have seen fights won and lost by one, two or three votes, on housing, and medical care for the aged, and education, and farming, and all the rest. I don't want to see the next two years spent with a Congress in the control of the Republicans* and an Executive in control of the Democrats, and nothing being done which must be done if this country is going to move ahead."

In the Midwest, the President resounded his theme. In Springfield, Ill., he spoke of agriculture: "In the last 21 months we have by, any means, solved the farm problem. But we have achieved the best two-year advance in farm income of any two years since the Depression. At the same time we reduced our wheat and feed grain surpluses by 700 million bushels."

In Chicago, countering a charge made by Eisenhower a fortnight ago, he held

planet. A White House aide explained—at least in part—the strategic thinking: "Medicare, depressed areas, aid to education—these are still the issues that are going to get votes or lose them." Maybe so—and maybe not. In any event, at week's end Kennedy canceled trips into several states, flew back to Washington suffering from a cold accompanied by a slight fever. His illness, plus the fact that he is bypassing foreign policy while on the stump and has not held a press conference in six weeks, makes it unlikely that the voters will hear before Election Day from their President about the issues that seem to concern them most.

Too Sad to Talk About

Kennedy wasn't talking about foreign policy. But Ike, who used to be bland about it, was now speaking out in partisan terms. Last week he hustled about in New England, and in Kennedy's own Bos-

MICHIGAN

The Crazy Quilt

Why anyone would want to govern Michigan is a wonder. The state has deep-seated economic problems, and it is riven by inter- and intraparty bitterness of a sort to make any Governor look bad. Yet there is never a dearth of aspirants, and this year is far, far from being an exception to that rule. The contenders: Incumbent Democrat John Swainson, 57, and Republican George Romney, 55, who resigned from his \$150,000-a-year job as the head of American Motors to seek public office.

As every Michigan gubernatorial candidate must, Romney and Swainson have geared their campaigns to the economic problems that have kept their state stalled for the past decade. Decentralization of the auto industry has moved so many plants out of Michigan that only 32% of the nation's cars are now assembled there. During World War II and the Korean war, Michigan's auto plants received some 10% of all defense dollars. But the state has not kept pace with the demands of the electronics and missile age, now gets a meager 2.7% of defense spending. In addition, automation has thrown thousands of men out of work. Early in 1961, during a slump in auto orders, the unemployment rate in Michigan reached a shocking 14%.

Deadlock. While jobs were disappearing, a legislature controlled by rural Republicans was locked in a death struggle with six-term (1948-60) Democratic Governor "Soapy" Williams. As the state's population grew, by 22% between 1950 and 1960, the legislature reluctantly increased programs for schools and welfare. But it balked at providing adequate tax money to pay for them. Soapy was pretty abrasive, and there was considerable reason for resentment on the side of the legislature. Anyhow, it turned down Williams' proposed 5% income tax, relied instead upon inadequate sales taxes and a "business activities tax," which assessed companies not on their profits but on their total revenues, thereby discouraging new industry from entering the state. Year by year, the deficit mounted.

In 1960 Swainson campaigned for Governor on the claim that he could get along with the Republican legislators. He knew them well—as senate minority leader and as Williams' lieutenant governor presiding over the chamber—and he had always been on friendly personal terms with them. Skimming into office by 41,000 votes, Swainson at first tried playing pal with the legislative Republicans. He got nowhere. This year he turned tough, tried to ram through a fiscal reform program that included a 3% income tax. He still got nowhere. In the past fiscal year, Michigan's deficit increased by \$13.9 million, to \$85.6 million.

No, Thanks. While Swainson was struggling, Romney was beginning to generate some political dynamism. He had always been willing to lend his cyclonic energy to civic affairs. He led the campaign to set up a convention to rewrite



IKE & FRIENDS IN BOSTON*
"No walls were built. No threatening foreign bases were established."

forth to \$100-a-plate diners in the vast new McCormick Place exhibition hall, "I am not asking for one-party government," he insisted. "I am asking that you vote for the one party which is willing to work for progress. I am asking for enough help to get the job done. In the 87th Congress the health-care bill was defeated in the Senate by one vote, the full powers of the trade bill were saved by one vote, the original emergency public works bill was defeated by one vote, and in the House the farm bill was defeated by five votes and the tax bill saved by twelve."

Through it all, the President avoided anything more than passing reference to the international problems of the U.S. Cuba might as well have been on another

ton he scathingly denounced the Administration's record overseas as "too sad to talk about."

Then he summed up his indictment by defending his own eight years in office in the most succinct and devastating paragraph of the campaign to date:

"In those eight years we lost no inch of ground to tyranny. We witnessed no abdication of international responsibility. We accepted no compromise of pledged word or withdrawal from principle. No walls were built. No threatening foreign bases were established. One war was ended, and incipient wars were blocked. I doubt that anyone can persuade you that in the past 21 months there has been anything constructive in the conduct of our foreign relations to equal any part of that eight-year record."

* There is not the faintest chance that Republicans will control the next Senate, only an outside possibility that they will take control of the House.

From left: Candidate Lodge, Governor John Volpe, Eisenhower, Attorney General Candidate Ed Brooke, Senator Leverett Saltonstall.



J. EDWARD BAILEY

CANDIDATE ROMNEY
Running as himself.

Michigan's antiquated constitution. The convention was in session, with Romney as one of its vice presidents, when he announced in February that he was a candidate for Governor.

With that, Romney set out to woo independent voters by kicking himself free from the state's regular, right-wing Republicans—commonly known to Michiganders as “the Neanderthals.” And he promptly ran into his own problems. To get the conservative-dominated convention to agree on a new constitution—which will be presented to the voters next year—Romney had to modify some of his more progressive proposals, was accused of “selling out.” Since then, Romney has divorced himself so completely from the party that the word “Repub-

lican” is conspicuously absent from his campaign literature and billboards. He even turned down a chance to have Dwight Eisenhower campaign for him.

Romney still insists that he alone can pull together all the hostile factions in Michigan and work effectively with the legislature. “The key issue is leadership,” he says. “We must stop pulling Michigan apart and start pulling it together again.” Romney accuses Swainson of being a slave of the United Auto Workers. As the man who popularized the compact car while president of American Motors Corp., Romney claims he knows how to expand the state's industry. “We need a million more jobs by 1970, 130,000 each year, and I know what it takes to create them.”

Something Borrowed. As a campaigner, Romney is tireless. Invited recently to a union meeting, he vigorously matched shouts and charges with labor leaders. He swoops down small-town streets at a half-trot with newsmen panting in his wake, sniffs out voters like a pointer. In one city, a worker asked him: “What makes you think you can get along with the Neanderthals?” Romney grabbed his questioner by the arm: “If men are treated like Neanderthals, they'll respond like Neanderthals. I'll get along with them.” He is not above borrowing a phrase from Democrat John Kennedy. Says he: “We've got to get this state moving again.”

While Romney is running as Romney, Swainson is running as an all-out Democrat: “I'm proud of my party. I'm proud of its ticket, and I'm not ashamed to wear its label.” As for his accomplishments, Swainson points to the state's excellent highway system, increased aid for schools and the mentally retarded, and a current unemployment rate of 4.9%—the lowest in Michigan in seven years.

In contrast to his ebullient, even evangelical opponent, Swainson sometimes seems colorless. A wounded World War II veteran—he lost both legs below the knee to a land mine in France—Swainson gets around remarkably well on artificial limbs. He has a quiet warmth that often fails to show on the public platform or on the TV screen.

Playing the Numbers. As the campaign nears its end, politicians and pundits can only be fascinated by the crazy quilt of Michigan's voting patterns. They estimate the state at 35%-40% Democratic, 25%-30% Republican—leaving at least 30% as independent. So far, the independents seem to favor Romney. In all, labor (about 2,500,000 persons, including families, with some 1,000,000 votes) is 70% Democratic. The Negro bloc (700,000 persons) is expected to give its vote to Swainson, 9 to 1. The Polish bloc (400,000) ordinarily produces a heavily Democratic vote, but there may be considerable defection to Romney this time. Detroit, of course, will go for Swainson. But its populous suburbs will vote more heavily Republican than ever, if only because Swainson vetoed a bill that would have exempted suburban commuters from paying a Detroit-imposed income tax.

By most calculations, Romney holds a lead, now widening, now narrowing, over

Swainson. If he wins, he will surely wake up the morning after Election Day as a prime prospect for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination. What happens after that will probably depend on how successfully George Romney meets Michigan's vast problems.

NEW YORK The Curious Candidates

Although all he really had to do was send get-well cards to his virus-stricken opponent, New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller was running hard, fulfilling a promise to visit each of New York's 62 counties during this year's campaign. Running as hard or harder was Republican Senator Jacob Javits, who just never seems to sleep. But, barring the biggest sympathy vote in U.S. political history, Rockefeller and Javits might better spend their time preparing their victory speeches. For they are up against a couple



MORGENTHAU & FRIEND*
Running backward.

of the most curious candidates ever nominated by a major party in a major state.

Fractured Face. Everyone who knows him says that Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate Robert Morgenstern is a chap of ability and good will. But he has what Madison Avenue discreetly calls “a projection problem.” Every time he smiles it appears that he has fractured his face. His voice has all the emotion of a stenographer reading back a transcript. His campaign is chaotic. Things recently got so confused that Vice President Lyndon Johnson disgustedly canceled a Harlem campaign tour with Morgenstern. When Jack Kennedy came to town, Morgenstern got his picture taken with the President—who spent most of his time chatting with Nelson Rockefeller. Morgenstern's big campaign theme is that Rocky, if re-elected, will hike state



GOVERNOR SWAINSON
Running as a Democrat.

* Actress Carroll Baker, currently starring with Van Johnson in Broadway's “Come On Strong.”

taxes next year; whereupon Morgenthau's ticket mate, Democratic State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, blandly remarked that he saw no evidence of any such Rockefeller intention. Last week, to top it all off, poor Bob Morgenthau came down with the flu. This left his campaign schedule in total tatters—as if that made any difference by now.

I-Don't-Know Looks. Javits' opponent is even odder. Democratic Senatorial Candidate James Donovan has been acting as the Kennedy Administration's man in Havana, negotiating for the release of the Bay of Pigs prisoners. His campaign literature frankly states: "Obviously, Mr. Donovan cannot be in Cuba negotiating for the release of prisoners and campaigning in New York State at the same time." When he has found time to campaign in New York, Donovan has set a modern record for no-shows, schedule revamplings, shoulder shrugs and I-don't-know looks.

And when he starts talking about issues and qualifications, national Democratic leaders swoon in their rocking chairs. Last week, asked about medicare, Donovan replied briskly: "Well, we need a whole new

approach." What about Kennedy's approach, a program to be financed under Social Security? "Well, the modern liberal should believe in a sound free enterprise system so it can pay for social progress. I think we should explore every avenue by which private organizations can provide medicare before we put it under the Social Security system." Did he believe at all in the Social Security principle? "Well, if we have to have it that way, then I would support it." As to his credentials for the Senate, Donovan avers that they are far better than those of Javits. "My background qualifies me for the Senate. I know foreign affairs. When I was in London during the war, I lived next door to Peter of Yugoslavia and Michael of Rumania. I spent months and months in London."

"I was general counsel to two Government agencies long before Javits ever got into public life. I worked for the Office of Scientific Research and Development under Vanney Bush, and I worked for the OSS. You see those films used in *Judgment at Nuremberg*? Those were my films. I made them at the time of the trials.

"I'm a poor man's Wendell Willkie."

SENATE SCORECARD

Of the 30 U.S. Senate seats up for contest this fall, 21 are held by Democrats and 18 by Republicans. And, barring an unexpected tide, the 64-to-36 Democratic majority of the 87th Congress is likely to stay much the same in the 88th. Such is the unpredictability of voters that elections often bring startling surprises, with some incumbents who had seemed safe losing after all, and some who had seemed to be in danger actually winning by huge margins. But as of last week, without benefit of hindsight, the line-up looked like this:

SAFE DEMOCRATIC SEATS—12

Alabama. The Republican Party is putting on its most vigorous performance in years, hitting at the Kennedy Administration's armed intervention in neighboring Mississippi. But the G.O.P. has no serious hope of unseating Democrat Lister Hill.

Alaska. Senator Ernest Gruening, territorial Governor back in pre-statehood days, is challenged by Republican Ted Stevens, a former U.S. attorney only half Gruening's age (38 to 75). But Stevens will probably have to wait a while.

Arizona. Carl Hayden, oldest member of the Senate in both age (85) and tenure (since 1927), seems sure to win over State Senator Evan Meacham, a right-winger backed by the John Birch Society. Most doubts dissolved last month when two conservative Phoenix newspapers strongly endorsed Hayden.

Florida. "Gorgeous George" Smathers is sure to be re-elected.

Georgia. The G.O.P. did not post a candidate against Senator Herman Talmadge.

Louisiana. Senator Russell B. Long faces only token opposition.

Missouri. Democrat Edward V. Long, elected in 1960 to fill out an unexpired term, is contested by wealthy Crosby Kemper, a Republican convert who was an active Democrat as recently as 1960. Towne, 6 ft, 7 in., Candidate Kemper, 35, has waged a strenuous campaign, harping on the theme that Long is a "rubber stamp" for the Administration. So he is—and so is likely to continue.

Nevada. In a predominantly Democratic state, colorless, careful Senator Alan Bible seems certain to beat Cattle Rancher William B. Wright, a Goldwater Republican.

North Carolina. Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. can rest easy on election night.

Ohio. Nobody in Ohio can beat Frank J. Lausche, who won five terms as Governor before going to the Senate in 1956.

South Carolina. The only issue in the campaign, says Senator Olin Johnston, is "one fella has the job and the other fella wants it." The other fella is William D. Workman Jr., newspaper columnist who formally joined the Republican Party only last fall. He is waging the most formidable Republican campaign for the Senate in South Carolinians' memories. But it is not quite formidable enough.

Washington. Senator Warren G. Magnuson, a skilled politician with no pretensions to statesmanship, should defeat Richard G. Christensen, sometime Lutherian minister making his first try for office.

DEMOCRATIC SEATS IN DOUBT—9

Arkansas. In past defenses of his Senate seat, J. William Fulbright merely went through the motions of campaigning. But under the leadership of G.O.P. National Committeeman Winthrop Rockefeller

KENTUCKY

The City Slickers

Kentucky was deep in what it likes best: a feudist political campaign.

Last week, at Mount Sterling, which used to be called Little Mountain Town, the hillmen gathered for the traditional "Court Day"—marking the opening of the fall term of the county court. Many were unshaven. Their faces were crisscrossed with the wounds of weather. They wore battered hats, carried pistols in their pockets. They sold their tin cans filled with rich sorghum molasses, swapped shotguns, powder horns and hunting dogs, bought snake oil, ax handles and buckets of yams. Into their midst walked the Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate, a man with the alliterative name of Wilson Watkins Wyatt. "I'm Wilson Wyatt," he said, as he shook hands his way through the hillmen. "I'm Wilson Wyatt . . . I'm Wilson Wyatt . . . I'm Wilson Wyatt . . ." He climbed a rickety ladder to a platform on top of a shack, grabbed a microphone and told a story about a coon dog that ran into a barbed wire fence

(brother of Nelson), the Republican Party has made a remarkable upsurge in Arkansas, and Fulbright faces a strenuous challenger in Republican Kenneth G. Jones, prosperous orthopedic surgeon who calls himself a "constitutionalist" and proclaims that "liberalism is socialism." Still, it would take a pretty deep plunger to beat against Fulbright.

Colorado. Incumbent John A. Carroll, undeviating supporter of New Frontier legislation, is running scared in a neck-and-neck race against Republican Congressman Peter H. Dominick.

Hawaii. With elderly Senator Oren E. Long retiring, slum-born Democratic Congressman Daniel Ken Inouye, a Nisei, is competing for the seat against Benjamin Franklin Dillingham II, scion of Hawaii's most prominent family. Starting out way behind, Republican Dillingham narrowed the gap while Inouye was kept glued in Washington. But there still appears to be a bit of gap left.

Idaho. Boyish Senator Frank Church seemed to be in serious trouble for a while, now appears to be pulling away from Republican John T. Hawley, lawyer and grandson of a former Idaho Governor.

Massachusetts. In the year's most publicized Senate race, President Kennedy's younger brother Ted still leads Republican George Cabot Lodge.

Oklahoma. Though the state is still overwhelmingly Democratic in voter registration, Senator Mike Monroney is only slightly ahead of Goldwater Republican B. Hayden Crawford, a former U.S. attorney.

Oregon. The hold that windy Wayne Morse has on the voters of Oregon is one of the great puzzles in U.S. politics. Republican Sig Underander is making a hard run, but the puzzle probably will remain unsolved.



REPUBLICAN MORTON
Feedin', feudin' ...

and got cut up. A vet put the dog back together, but got the head at the wrong end. "Now," shouted Wyatt, "that dog is like my opponent. He can bark at both ends and run in both directions at the same time." The crowd loved it: this was Democratic country.

At McKee, a tiny town in the Wilderness Trail country, Republican Senator Thruston Morton got out of a borrowed yellow Cadillac, mingled with tobacco-chewing men in bib overalls. It was beastly hot, and sweat dripped from Morton's face. He was gracious, but seemed much more reserved than Wyatt. The group moved inside the dilapidated courthouse. A trial was in session, but the judge ordered a recess so that Morton could speak. He was introduced by a local orator: "We're a workin' people, we're a God-fearin' people, we're a peace-lovin' people. And when we get home today, we're goin' to talk for Morton, we're goin' to vote for Morton." Thruston Morton spread wide his arms, and his deep voice rang through the courtroom. "It wasn't necessary for President Kennedy to come



DEMOCRAT WYATT
... fightin', fussin'.

RALPH LEWIS

Pennsylvania. Joseph S. Clark, one of the Senate's most liberal liberals, appears to have an edge on Republican Congressman James E. Van Zandt, will probably be re-elected unless Republican Gubernatorial Candidate William Scranton (TIME cover, Oct. 19) wins big enough to pull Van Zandt along with him.

Wyoming. The unhappy distinction of being the Democratic Senator most likely to lose his seat to a Republican belongs to J. J. Hickey, the Republican: ex-Governor Milward Simpson. The last time the two met, in 1958, Hickey beat Simpson. But when Republican Senator-elect Keith Thompson died in late 1960, Hickey resigned the governorship and turned the chair over to Secretary of State Jack Gage, who thereupon appointed Hickey to replace Thompson. Hickey's ploy stirred up a lot of voter discontent. Last week, just after he returned from Washington to get his campaign going, Hickey suffered a heart attack that will keep him sidelined until after the votes are counted.

SAFE REPUBLICAN SEATS—8

Iowa. Against an Iowa State University professor, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper seems secure in Republican Iowa.

Kansas (2). Republican Incumbents Frank Carlson and James B. Pearson are running far enough ahead of the Democratic hopefuls.

New Hampshire (2). Senator Norris Cotton looks safe despite the internecine warfare that has weakened the Republican Party in New Hampshire this year. In more precarious position is Republican Congressman Perkins Bass, running for the seat of the late Senator Styles Bridges. Bass beat Bridges' Widow Doloris in a bitter primary, and the wounds have not yet healed.

New York. Democrat James B. Donovan, the lawyer sent to negotiate with Fidel Castro, has about as much chance of getting elected mayor of Havana as he has of beating Republican Senator Jacob Javits.

North Dakota. Incumbent Milton Young is way ahead.

Vermont. George D. Aiken, elected to the U.S. Senate in 1940, is considered unbeatable by just about everybody in Vermont, apparently including his Democrat opponent, Furniture Dealer W. Robert Johnson, who publicly admits that he is trying not to "antagonize" Aiken.

REPUBLICAN SEATS IN DOUBT—10

California. Senator Thomas Kuchel beat Democratic State Senator Richard Richards by nearly 450,000 votes in their 1956 Senate race. This time the contest looks closer, but Kuchel is expected to wind up ahead, unless Governor Pat Brown unexpectedly scores a big win over Richard Nixon.

Connecticut. Senator Prescott Bush might have won re-election, but he decided to retire because of ill health. In the contest for the vacated seat, Democrat Abraham A. Ribicoff is leading Republican Congressman Horace Seely-Brown Jr.

Idaho. Republican Businessman-Rancher Len B. Jordan is likely to hold on to the Senate seat he was appointed to last August after the death of Senator Henry Dworshak. The Democratic candidate, Congresswoman Gracie Pfost, is a skillful person-to-person campaigner, but the delayed adjournment of Congress left her little time for getting out among the voters.

Illinois. Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen professes to detect "a distinct Republican vibration on the

margin" in his race with liberal Democratic Congressman Sidney R. Yates, but Yates might pile up a big enough majority in Chicago to give Dirksen a scare on election night.

Indiana. Homer E. Capehart, running for a third term, is up against a dangerous opponent in articulate Birch Evan Bayh, 34, minority leader of the state legislature's lower house. But in traditionally Republican Indiana, Capehart has a party-label advantage that Bayh may not be able to overcome.

Kentucky. Liberal Democratic Lieutenant Governor Wilson Wyatt is involved in a hairbreadth race with Senator Thruston B. Morton, former G.O.P. National Chairman.

Maryland. It looks as if the seat that Republican Senator John Marshall Butler decided to resign will be captured by New Frontier Democrat Daniel B. Brewster, U.S. Congressman and head of the Maryland State Fair and Agricultural Society. A statewide savings-and-loan scandal, which last week resulted in a federal grand jury's indicting a Democratic Congressman, is not expected to damage Brewster's prospects enough to matter.

South Dakota. Republican Joe H. Bottum, appointed last July to the seat of the late Francis Case, has a thin edge over George McGovern, ex-Congressman, lately Food for Peace director in the Kennedy Administration.

Utah. In a stark battle between outright liberal and unabashed conservative, Democratic Congressman David S. King appears to have an outside chance of defeating Senator Wallace F. Bennett.

Wisconsin. So close is the race between Senator Alexander Wiley and ex-Governor Gaylord Nelson that Nelson predicts he will win or lose by one per cent.

twice to Kentucky to explain that I'm a Republican," he cried. "Everyone in Kentucky knows I'm a Republican." The crowd loved it: this was Republican country, which went 90% for Nixon in 1960.

Rival Schools. In their campaigns, both Wyatt and Morton have mined about as many votes as they can from Kentucky's most populous areas, particularly Louisville. Now they are hitting the hills and the back trails in last, desperate efforts to win the supporters who might make the difference in a dead-even race. Both do pretty well, even though both are Louisville city slickers.

Morton is a seventh-generation Kentuckian whose family grew wealthy in the flour-mill business. He served in the Navy for 51 months during World War II, was elected to Congress three times, served under Ike as Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, beat Democrat Earle Clements for the Senate in 1956. He was Eisenhower's choice for Republican National Committee chairman to succeed New York's Len Hall, held the job for three years.

Wyatt is a high-strung, garrulous fellow who graduated with top honors from Louisville's Jefferson School of Law, at 35 became the youngest mayor in Louisville history, worked as Harry Truman's Federal Housing Administrator, helped found the red-hot liberal Americans for Democratic Action, and served as Adlai Stevenson's presidential campaign manager in 1952. He is now Kentucky's lieutenant governor.

Between the two there are no holds barred. To Morton, the issue is simple. "I am convinced," says Morton, "that the people of Kentucky share my views on how best to meet the Communist threat. I am sure they will not send to the Senate a man whose election would give aid and comfort to his old A.D.A. friends who represent the policy of soft talk and concessions."

"Morton aligns Wyatt with 'Left-wing Democrats' who want to 'admit Red China to the U.N., do away with F.B.I. investigations and loyalty requirements for federal employees.' A vote for Wyatt, says he, 'is a vote of approval for those men who gave the President the advice to call off the air cover at the Bay of Pigs.'

Liberal Wyatt goes all the way with J.F.K., claims that Morton has a record of "neglect and opposition—opposition to better salaries for teachers, better prices for farmers, decent medical care for all our senior citizens." And Wyatt is promising roads, reservoirs, river projects, federal aid to colleges, claims that Morton so badly needs Democratic votes to win that he avoids advertising himself as a Republican.

"Old Ankleblankets." Working to Wyatt's advantage is a 2-to-1 statewide Democratic registration lead, plus the support of Kentucky's two biggest newspapers, the Louisville Courier-Journal and the Louisville Times. Working against him is the longtime enmity of former Governor "Happy" Chandler, who, in charging that Wyatt used to wear spats, likes to call him "Old Ankleblankets." Fellow Democrat Chandler, who plans to run again for Governor next year, remains a Kentucky power, and he has not lifted a hand to help Wyatt.

Or Morton's side is his record as an attractive, hard-working Senator who has made a national name for himself. And soon to start actively campaigning on his behalf is the man who is by all odds Kentucky's most popular politician—Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper. Both Wyatt and President Kennedy—in his forays into Kentucky—have been careful to praise Cooper while denouncing Morton.

As the campaign enters its final days, the outcome is anyone's guess—and that, too, is just the way the voters of Kentucky like it.

CALIFORNIA

The Taste of Triumph

The candidates for Governor of California—perhaps the biggest single prize at stake in the 1962 elections—have been denouncing and cajoling for months. Now, in time-tried style, both can begin to taste triumph. Says Democratic Incumbent Pat Brown: "I have never been more confident of victory. This will be a Democratic year in California." Says Republican Richard Nixon: "His campaign is dying and ours is surging with optimism. Yes, there is victory in the air." All of which adds up to the fact that it is anyone's race.

Nixon has zigzagged 18,000 miles across the state, most recently whistle-stopping from Santa Cruz to San Diego in a "Victory Special" train. He has squeezed some 163,000 hands, withstood 15 solid hours of more-or-less random questions from telethon viewers. He has livened his rallies with glamorous girls, organized everything from "Giant Fans for Nixon" to "Veterinarians for Nixon"—headed by the vet who cares for his dog Checkers.

Pat Brown has perspired through Mexican square dances and 90-minute television ordeals of his own. He rushes from factory gates to coffee shops, addresses everyone outside of a telephone booth. Whereas Dick sort of hugs babies, Pat really smooches them.

Spies & Smears. Anguished cries of "smear" have come from both candidates—with considerable cause. Democrats, for example, have launched a whispering campaign that reads the most sinister implications into a 1956 loan of \$205,000 to Nixon's brother, Donald, by a firm owned by Defense Contractor Howard Hughes. On the other side, many G.O.P. county headquarters have been selling a 50¢ booklet by an alleged onetime FBI counterespionage, which, among many other things, charges that "Governor Pat Brown, over the years, has established an unchallengeable record of collaborating with and appeasing Communists from top to bottom." Both candidates of course deny that they have anything to do with airing the other's dirty linen.

At the same time, both Nixon and Brown have tried to generate some genuine issues. Nixon has hammered hard at Brown with charges that his law enforcement is lax, that he is fiscally irresponsible, that the Democrats have failed to achieve industrial expansion sufficient to keep pace with the state's population growth, that Brown has refused to seek new laws to fight Communist subversion.

"Why," asks Nixon, "has crime skyrocketed in California? Because our local crime fighters have not had strong support from the present state administration. Remember, a police badge is only as good as the Governor who backs it up." On taxes, he promises to cut \$50 million in government spending next year "so that we can get the surplus that will allow us to reduce taxes." As to growth: "California must have one million new jobs in the next four



RALPH CRANE—LIFE

REPUBLICAN NIXON
Dick sort of hugs them.



DEMOCRAT BROWN
Pat really smooches them.

years. The state is now only doing half as well as it must do."

Calculated Risk. But it is Nixon's use of the Communism issue that has stirred the most excitement. It involves a calculated risk; it seems to try to placate the state's far-right Republicans, even while offending the Democratic and independent voters that Nixon needs to win (final state registration figures: Democrats—4,289,097; Republicans—2,026,408). Yet California, among all the states, is perhaps the most jittery about the threat of internal Communism. A recent poll showed that 66% of California voters favor a proposed constitutional amendment (opposed by both Nixon and Brown) that would empower any grand jury in any of the state's 58 counties to meet secretly, declare an organization subversive, and inflict penalties without appeal.

Brown, trying to turn the Communism issue against Nixon, claims that the former Vice President "is dealing in panic," that Nixon is simply rereading the same script that got him elected to Congress in 1946 and to the Senate in 1950. "Clichés like this went out with 'whiz-bang' and the Stutz Bearcat," cries Brown. But Pat is careful to advocate an expansion of anti-Communism teaching in the schools "in a nonthreatening atmosphere."

The Uptrend. Brown promised that he would not raise taxes if re-elected; rather, he would exempt 840,000 low-income residents from the state tax rolls. He says that he will increase state aid to local schools, but he will not permit any deficit spending. His basic theme is that California is prosperous and that he and the Democrats have made it so. "We have money in the bank and our credit rating has never been higher," he says. "Today employment in California is breaking all records. In just the past year, our economy has produced 238,000 new jobs. Wherever you look in California—wages, profits, new construction—the trend is up."

Both Jack Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower have visited the state to plead their party's cause. Kennedy plans to return for more campaigning. But despite all the issues, along with all the gimmickry, Californians will probably make their choice almost as if there had been no campaign at all: upon their personal preference for party or personality.

Nixon has tried to present an image of confidence and casualness. Yet his old self-consciousness still shows. Scowling angrily in front of television cameras, he recently complained to newsmen: "I think it's time that you fellows began to have a single standard, not a double standard in this campaign. You do not put the same questions to Mr. Brown with regard to his smears that you do to me." Brown, on the other hand, is loose as a goose—and sometimes sounds like one. Honked he in a recent nationwide television appearance: "The greatest issues in California are the issues of the greatest growth of any state in this union, and every issue that we have should be directed toward the problems of the future of this state, including taking care of them at the present."



DEMOCRAT MORRISON



REPUBLICAN SEATON

Stay back Jack; come on yodelers.

DON WRIGHT

NEBRASKA The Road North of Stanton

In 1960 Nebraska gave Republican Richard Nixon 62.1% of its vote—a larger share than any other state. With that in mind, Democratic Governor Frank Morrison is now spending more of his time running away from the Kennedy Administration than against his Republican opponent, Fred Seaton.

When Republicans try to link him with the Administration in Washington, Morrison makes jokes. "President Kennedy has the most responsible position in the world, what with crises in Cuba, Berlin, Southeast Asia," he says. "But just before he goes into a Cabinet meeting or a private session with Secretary Rusk, he picks up the phone and calls me. He says, 'Hello, Frank, this is Jack. Say, how's that road north of Stanton coming? Are the farmers really concerned about the hole? And how about those empty beds in the tubercular hospital at Kearney—what are we going to do about them?'"

More seriously, Morrison has made it clear that he does not want Jack Kennedy's help in Nebraska. When Vice President Lyndon Johnson spoke for a Democratic congressional candidate in Omaha, Morrison pointedly stayed some 400 miles away in Scottsbluff. Morrison also persuaded Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman to cancel a scheduled talk at the National Corn Picking Contest in Grand Island; Freeman offered to send a substitute, but the Alpine Yodelers of Monroe, Wis., were scheduled instead.

Seaton, who served as Eisenhower's Secretary of Interior, is determined to keep Morrison on the national Democratic hook. "Governor Morrison denies outside influences, but still gets the post office patronage and testifies in Washington for New Frontier programs," Seaton argues. A Morrison victory, he says, would mean "a Kennedy bridgehead in the heartland

of the Midwest." Happy to get outside help, Seaton was benefited by a spirited Eisenhower appearance in Omaha.

Nebraska is fairly prosperous, and other issues come down to a conflict of personal political image. Morrison recently looked up at a big Seaton billboard and quipped: "Looks like a Hart Schaffner & Marx ad to me." Seaton, a publisher of ten newspapers, is indeed a well-dressed, well-pressed businessman, who cannot quite bring himself to match Morrison's sloppy suits and exposed suspenders. He has, however, taken to sports shirts in the cattle country.

The folksy touch can make a difference in Nebraska. People grin when Morrison hoists his 6 ft. 3 in. bulk to the rostrum and begins: "I hope you came out not just to see if I'm as homely as I appear on television, but out of a desire to know more about government." Where Seaton, with his national reputation, once seemed a cinch, the race now seems close. Both candidates agree that it will be settled by the vote in the populous Omaha and Lincoln areas, where Morrison won his entire victory margin in 1960. That was before Jack Kennedy became a problem.

OREGON The Hare & the Tortoise

Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse leaned back in a chair, bristled his brows, compared himself with Edmund Burke and declared himself above politics: "I go where the facts lead, and if partisan politics don't go where they lead, then that's too bad." He grinned at Republican claims that he is the Senate's windiest member: "Re-elect me and I'll make more speeches next session—there's so much to be said." He scoffed at reports that he might be in election trouble: "I know of no basis for such stories."

That same day, Republican Challenger Sigrid ("Sig") Unander, 49, sat wearily

in a Eugene hotel lobby, took off a shoe and displayed a steel arch support. "Take a look at the campaigner's best friend," he said. "I'm tired, and I've gained 15 pounds. It's those damned desserts they serve you before you get up to speak. You tell the lady sitting next to you that they're good, and she gets up and gets another one for you."

Opposites. Wisp, oh-so-wisp Wayne Morse, 62, and big, cautious Sig Unander are as different as two men can be. Morse is a blazing liberal; Unander is a rock-solid economic conservative. Morse is a maverick—he was a Republican, then a

in Washington. As it happened, this was a pet project of Ohio Democrat Mike Kirwan, member of the public works subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. Kirwan retaliated by knocking off the appropriations for three big Oregon public works projects. Morse speedily backed away, Kirwan got his aquarium and Oregon got its goodies.

Seeking his fourth term, Morse is getting some indirect help from Republican Governor Mark Hatfield. Unander ran unsuccessfully against Hatfield in Oregon's 1958 Republican gubernatorial primary, made a lasting enemy of him. Hatfield,

but by less than the 573,000-vote margin that made him Governor in '58.

► A Houston Chronicle canvass gave Democrat John Connally a 3-2 lead over conservative Republican Jack Cox for Governor of Texas. But the survey team noted that Republicans are working hard, might win if complacent Democrats fail to get out a big vote.

► The latest Detroit News poll turned up a sizable gain for Republican George Romney. A month ago, he led Governor John Swanson narrowly, 49.7% to 49.5%; last week he jumped to a 52%-to-47.3% lead.

THE PRESIDENCY

Home Notes

► The Kennedy family plane, a twin-engined Convair 240, is up for sale at \$375,000. The President used the plane during his 1960 campaign but no longer needs it, since he has a special 707 jet and numerous helicopters at his disposal.

► Rather than renew the lease on their Virginia estate Glen Ora, the President and his wife will let it go in January and perhaps look around the countryside for a suitable site on which to build a home. J.F.K. never particularly liked Glen Ora anyway, and Jacqueline used it chiefly as a home base for rides to the hounds.

► Caroline Kennedy and her kindergarten classmates have been declared *personae non gratae* during future official White House welcoming ceremonies. Reason: last week, when the President greeted visiting Algerian Premier Ahmed ben Bella on the White House south lawn with a solemn military review and a 21-gun salute, Caroline and her playmates watched from a third-floor window, began mimicking the military commands with cries of "Attention!" "Shoulder arms!" and "Boom! Boom!"

► The President's father, still recovering from his stroke, arrived at the White House for a visit. On leaving, he will report back to the New York University Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation for more therapy.

COMMUNISTS

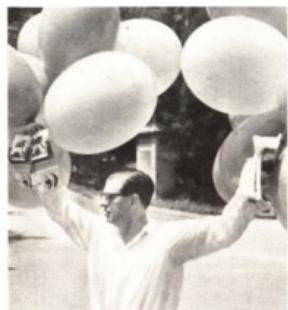
Gee, Men

Last week in the *Nation*, former FBI Agent Jack Levine reported that nearly 1,500 of the Communist Party's 8,500 U.S. members are FBI informants—almost one out of six. Since members must pay party dues, this would make the FBI the largest single financial supporter of the Communist Party, U.S.A. Concluded Levine: "The day will soon come when FBI informants, who are rising rapidly to the top, will capture complete control of the party."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A-Ship-a-Day

Does a-ship-a-day keep the U.S. away? Latest intelligence reports indicate that the Soviet bloc has stepped up its flow of equipment to Castro. The brisk pace, maintained for the past month, is one shipload every day.



REPUBLICAN UNANDER

And then there were those damned desserts.



DEMOCRAT MORSE

self-styled Independent before turning Democrat in 1954. Unander is a party regular—the scion of a wealthy lumber family, he is a former state treasurer and G.O.P. state chairman, served on the Federal Maritime Board during the Eisenhower Administration. Morse got off to a late campaign start, is now running like the wind. Unander has been campaigning steadily for two years. Morse is an emotional, highly effective stump speaker, dedicated to the constant use of the first person singular. Unander is an improving platform performer, but he still has a long way to go to match Morse.

Yet for all Unander's lack of color, most Oregonians agree that he is giving Morse the race of his life. He plugs away at Morse's gabbiness, chides Morse for leading the Senate filibuster against the Kennedy Administration's communications satellite bill this year, accuses Morse of supporting Kennedy's withdrawal of U.S. planes during the crucial moments of the Bay of Pigs invasion, charges Morse with a "performance gap" in failing to land Oregon its proper share of defense contracts.

Goodies. As for Morse, he says with pride that he has backed the Kennedy Administration 94% of the time, boasts that he is "bringing home to Oregon the highest amount for public works in history, except in 1951." He places the amount at \$72 million—but in fact he almost talked his way out of the pork barrel. During the closing days of Congress, Morse objected to appropriating \$10 million for a Government aquarium

himself a cinch for re-election, has yet to announce his support of his ticketmate.

The race between Morse and Unander is a case of the hare against the tortoise. As usual, the hare is favored, but . . .

POLLS

Who's Ahead?

► The Mervin Field California poll now shows Pat Brown leading Nixon 46% to 43% among all voters; but among those considered most likely to vote, the candidates stand at a ding-dong 46%-46% deadlock.

► The Opinion Research Corp. of Princeton, N.J. reported that Republican George Cabot Lodge is closing the gap on Democrat Teddy Kennedy in their Massachusetts Senate race. Among all voters, Kennedy leads by 46.5% to 42.5%; last spring the same poll showed Kennedy winning 52% to 34%. Among independents Lodge is now ahead 43% to 40%; last spring he trailed Kennedy by 33% to 46%. Although the poll was sponsored by Republicans, it nonetheless gave new heart to the Lodge forces, caused a few tremors in the Kennedy camp.

► Sam Lubell, doorknob ringing around New York, discovered defections by one out of every six voters who backed Republican Rockefeller in 1958. The main reasons: Rocky's tax increases and his divorce. But much of the loss is offset by Democrats shifting to Rocky rather than for Morgenthau. Said one: "The Democrats are running a nobody." Lubell's conclusion: Rockefeller should win,

THE WORLD

BERLIN

Where Is the Crisis?

The word at Bonn's Palais Schaumburg one morning last week was that Chancellor Konrad Adenauer seemed to be in a terrible mood. Washington kept shouting from the housetops that a Berlin crisis was imminent; Adenauer did not agree, and did not see what Washington wanted him to do about it. At noon a cable signed Schröder was placed on his desk, and within minutes the temper in Adenauer's office improved. The German Foreign Minister, visiting Washington, reported his considered judgment that the American uproar about Berlin had been started largely for domestic political reasons. No one he had talked to, reported Schröder, had any solid evidence that the Soviets were about to make any unusual new trouble for Berlin.

Palaver at State. Both London and Paris essentially agreed with Schröder's estimate. In Moscow, Nikita Khrushchev had a three-hour talk with Ambassador Foy Kohler in which he delivered no warnings, and pushed no harder than before. In Washington, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, at his own request, saw Kennedy and Secretary of State Rusk. As usual, Gromyko was adamant; at a State Department dinner the dialogue droned on roughly like this:

Gromyko: Now, Mr. Secretary, the situation is that there are two Germanys and there are two Berlins. Those are facts, and they will not change.

Rusk: Ah, Mr. Minister, all this may be true. But it is also true that there is a Western presence in Berlin. That is a fact, and it will not change.

Gromyko's attitude was not new, and suggested stalemate rather than crisis. Barring the existence of some unknown intelligence reports or private revelation, all the Washington warnings—by the President, Bobby Kennedy, Rusk, Defense Secretary McNamara *et al.*—were not based on anything concrete. The closest



CYRANKIEWICZ (WITH HAT), ULBRICHT, GOMULKA IN EAST BERLIN
An obscene visit.

thing to specific evidence was a month-old Tass statement, which suggested that Moscow was willing to be patient about signing a peace treaty with East Germany until after the U.S. elections. The danger in Berlin remains real enough at all times, but it also happens to fit in neatly with the Kennedy election strategy: one way of diverting attention from the Cuba issue is to argue that Berlin is really more dangerous and important. At week's end, the Administration itself revised its timetable, now suggested that the big crisis would come early next year rather than next month.

Greetings at the Wall. The unpleasantest noises about Berlin from the Red side last week were provided by Polish Communist Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka, who, with Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz, journeyed to East Berlin. Gomulka has long been considered a relatively independent and "respectable" Communist, and there had been much speculation that he loathed Walter Ulbricht's nasty East German regime. But in public, at least, he could scarcely have been more obliging: he denounced West Germany, demanded Western withdrawal from Berlin and an early

peace treaty. He visited the Wall, the world's most obscene tourist attraction, and signed a visitors' book, inscribing, "Hearty greetings to the soldiers standing watch on the borders of the German Democratic Republic."

Meanwhile, Nikita Khrushchev kept toying with the idea of going to the U.S. for conversations with President Kennedy. Khrushchev, Americans in Moscow guessed, might not want to stay put in Russia too long at a time of harvest and production failures, rising costs, and other domestic problems. For him, too, talking about Berlin might be a useful diversion at the moment.

The Escapes Continue

Along the River Spree and the miles of adjacent canals where East meets West in Berlin, Communist floodlights play constantly across the water, shore guards listen for every suspicious splash, and East Berlin patrol boats watch for the smallest ripple. Hence the thrill of West Berliners last week at the tale of two East Berlin lads who not only swam to safety, but also dared to swim back across to Communist territory to show their pals the route.

The pair made their first break last month, spent two weeks in West Berlin's Marienfelde refugee camp pondering the plight of friends they left behind. Finally they slipped back to the canal shore and managed to get across again unseen. Scrambling onto the eastern bank, they cut the heavy apron of wire built by the Communists, made their way to a friend's house, where they soon collected five young men and four young women, including two married couples, and issued instructions for escape. One of the guides warned the tense little group: "Whoever loses his nerve, screams or anything, we'll knock him unconscious and drag him with us."

No one panicked in the first stealthy march through high grass toward the water's edge. But as the group neared the canal, one youth became so frightened



RUSK & SCHROEDER IN WASHINGTON
A political diversion.

that he slipped away and ran home. The rest waited until they were sure the coast was clear, then dashed for the canal bank, where the only remaining obstacle to freedom was the water's chill.

At least seven other East German refugees made it across last week. One man jumped from a rooftop to an elevated railway signal tower, then scrambled across the tracks to leap 20 feet into the waiting arms of West Berlin cops. Another suffered eight fractures when he stepped on a Communist land mine on the border, nevertheless crawled 13 hours through forests to reach the West.



DE GAULLE REVIEWING TROOPS
Imbeciles are a minority.

FRANCE

The Referendum: De Gaulle Has as Good as Won

After the French Parliament passed its vote of censure against the De Gaulle Cabinet early this month, theoretically toppling the government, *Le Grand Charles* turned to his Premier, Georges Pompidou. "You must admit," he said, "that at least we're not bored."

Neither was the rest of France last week, as De Gaulle fought to win his Oct. 28 referendum, which proposes direct election of future Presidents.

Still Fighting. One night a familiar scene flashed on television. At a Louis XV desk in the library of the Elysée Palace sat De Gaulle, erect as an Alp, puffed face serene, aging voice steady. His words were blunt: unless the French electorate not only votes yes in the referendum, but does so by a massive margin, "my task will be ended, immediately and irrevocably." De Gaulle concluded: "But if, as I hope, as I am sure, you answer me yes once more, then I shall be confirmed by all of you in the burden I bear."

In fact, De Gaulle has as good as won the referendum; the only remaining questions are the margin of victory, and what

effect it will have on next month's elections for a new National Assembly. But the opposition is still fighting.

De Gaulle's adversaries fear that direct presidential elections may swallow up most of France's dozen political parties, each of which is already riven by factionalism. The moderate right knows it can never assemble enough voters eventually to elect its favorite, Antoine Pinay, as De Gaulle's successor. The Roman Catholic M.R.P. is torn between its conservative clerical and young progressive wings, and the clericals dread the prospect of a popularly elected President's reopening the issue of state



aid to church schools, which for more than 100 years split French politics and villages down the middle. Socialists are in a similar bind—divided from M.R.P. progressives by the religious issue, they can elect a President only with Communist support. But such a coalition would drive the Socialist right wing, headed by ex-Premier Guy Mollet, into a deal with the moderate right.

Last Word. The party leaders want to avoid these dilemmas and play the game as it has always been played in France, as an endless *ronde* of Premiers, with every middle-ground group getting a chance at office. Predictably, they cried "blackmail" at De Gaulle's latest threat to deprive France of himself, and some hoped that a reaction might set in among voters challenged once too often to vote yes, or else. But pre-referendum polls show De Gaulle with a comfortable 67% majority, and opposition speakers find it necessary to protest that they are not for driving De Gaulle back home to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises but merely back to parliamentary government.

Posters called for "No to the unknown,

© Last week at Clermont-Ferrand in central France. At his right: Premier Georges Pompidou.

Who will be the successor? De Gaulle does not know, nor you either." But the Gaullists were even winning the war of words. A leaflet mocked the opposition: "I am intelligent enough to vote for a Deputy. I am not intelligent enough to elect a President of the Republic. Since I am an imbecile, I am therefore voting no."

Sighted Sub

In the face of U.S. British and much domestic opposition, Charles de Gaulle has persisted in forging an independent nuclear force for France. The U.S. just as stubbornly has opposed "the proliferation of national nuclear weapons," even refused some French requests for non-nuclear items that might be used in the delivery of nuclear weapons, e.g., navigational systems for aircraft. Last week De Gaulle achieved something of a breakthrough when Washington announced that it would sell France a nuclear submarine of the Nautilus type.

What caused the U.S. turnaround? Well, went the Washington line, it is not really a turnaround. President Eisenhower first promised the sub to the French four years ago (the offer ran into congressional opposition). Furthermore, the sale price of \$63 million will help in a small way to stem the gold flow from the U.S., and Nautilus subs are, in any event, merely powered by nuclear engines and not rocket-bearing, as is the Polaris. Still, the sale suggested that the U.S. is beginning to come round to De Gaulle's view that France must be a nuclear power and as such must have a stronger hand in NATO, along with nuclear U.S. and Britain.

Undeniably, the Washington decision strengthens De Gaulle's hand in the forthcoming referendum and elections. To political opponents who have criticized him for putting NATO in disarray, De Gaulle can now answer that if the U.S. were really quarreling with France, it would not be selling her a nuclear-powered sub. To Frenchmen and other Europeans who have opposed de Gaulle's independent nuclear force, he can cite the Nautilus sale as proof that even the U.S. accepts France as a nuclear power.

But the U.S. Congress may still torpedo the sub sale. The Joint Atomic Energy Committee of the House and Senate has been dead set against sharing nuclear know-how with France. Democratic Committee Chairman Chet Holifield last week declared he was against transferring classified information "to nations whose political structure is unstable and whose security capability is questionable."

MONACO Wall of Ridicule

In 1511 an Italian writer named Niccolò Machiavelli journeyed to Monaco to gather material for a book by watching the agile Grimaldi rulers in action. Last week the incumbent Grimaldi, Prince Rainier III, could have used a couple of guileful hints from Machiavelli's *The Prince* in his squabble with France's Charles de Gaulle.

What set Rainier and De Gaulle at odds was Monaco's long standing as a tax haven, a situation that dates from 1816, when the reigning prince sold off some acreage and put the proceeds in a fund to cover government expenses and relieve Monégasques forevermore of the need to pay taxes. France saw nothing wrong with this until thousands of French corporations and individuals began setting up domiciles in Monaco to dodge French taxes.

Early this year, possibly to relax from the Algerian crisis and other serious matters, Charles de Gaulle gave Monaco six months to reform its tax laws or lose its special status (though Monaco is theoretically sovereign, it exists as a privileged protectorate of France, free of customs duties). When the ultimatum expired fortnight ago, Paris sent customs agents to set up barriers at the border that Novelist Colette once described as the frontier of flowers. Mostly, the revueurs darted about in mobile vans and on motorcycles, making nuisances of themselves, which was the idea. "Berlin has its wall of shame," complained one Monégasque businessman, "but we have our wall of ridicule."

Last week De Gaulle pushed matters closer to the brink by doubling postage rates for Monégasques to 10¢ a letter. After hushed parleys in his palace, Rainier retaliated in kind. With the crisis threatening to escalate, Princess Grace rushed back from a shopping trip to Paris with her two children and a poodle, and 30 "war" correspondents flocked into the principality. In the U.S., meanwhile, Rainier found a champion in the New York Herald Tribune's Art Buchwald, a quondam Riviera rover now based in Washington. Rainier should bar a Negro student from the Monaco High School, suggested Buchwald, so that the U.S. would have an excuse to send in federal marshals. "When it seems that they can't handle the situation," he added, "we would have to send in paratroopers to protect the marshals. Pretty soon we'd have Monaco ringed with troops, and General de Gaulle would have second thoughts about taking over the principality."

BELGIUM

Thunderflash in Brussels

Though Europe moves ever closer to unity, divisive forces still crackle and hiss close to its surface. Last week 100,000 French-speaking Walloons and Dutch-speaking Flemings fought a violent battle in the very heart of Brussels, capital of the Common Market.

Bilingual Lumps. Roughly the size of Maryland and not much more populous than New York City, Belgium nonetheless has been more like two nations than one since Dutch rule ended and independence was achieved in 1830. In the north are the farm lands of Flanders, inhabited by a conservative, Catholic people with deep roots in Holland; in the south the soi-disant liberal, anticlerical Walloons occupy

what once was the seat of France's Carolingian monarchy. Richer and better educated, the Walloons for a century dominated the country; so seared with bitterness were the Flemings at their second-rate position that many openly collaborated with the Nazis during World War II.

The Flemings now have the numerical edge—3,250,000 to 4,000,000—a majority in Parliament, a Flemish Prime Minister and, thanks to a postwar inflow of U.S. firms to capitalize on Flanders' cheap, ample labor, a glossy sheen of well-being. Wallonia, meanwhile, is practically a de-

to get along with the French, we're supposed to love the Germans, and of course we are expected to embrace the British. All this unity is a strain. Every now and then, you have to let off steam with a little old-fashioned tribal enmity."

ITALY

Opening to the Right

When Italy's center-left coalition was formed eight months ago, the crucial question was who would do what to whom. Would the *apertura a sinistra* ("opening to the left") pull the Christian



FLEMINGS DEMONSTRATING AGAINST WALLENS
Unity can be a strain.

PARIS-MATCH

pressed area, dotted with played-out coal mines and plagued with rising unemployment. But the Flemings still say all sorts of injustices, complain, for instance, that they have only 13 of Belgium's 83 diplomatic jobs abroad. While Brussels is officially bilingual from its street signs down to its liquor labels, French is preferred by the majority. One Fleming complained to Sabena Airlines not long ago because its sugar lumps were labeled *sucré*, but not *suiker* too.

Dead Chicks. To protest such inequities, demonstrators from Antwerp, Ghent and Bruges massed in Brussels. Marching ten abreast down the Avenue du Midi, some of them toting banners with the absurd slogan "Flemish Doctors for Flemish Patients," they ran smack into phalanxes of waiting Walloons, and the riot was on. When one Flemish tough tossed a "thunderflash"—a beer can filled with gunpowder—into the crowd, 4,000 steel-helmeted riot police who had been poised just off the boulevard wheeled into action.

Before the riot ended, 20 were injured and 45 arrested. Streets were littered with thousands of dead baby chicks. They were a grisly Flemish taunt at the Walloons, whose symbol is a rooster. Said one journalist: "Nowadays we're supposed

Democrats and other center parties leftward? Or would the Socialist Party, long allied with the Communists, move toward the center?

The nationalization of the power industry (TIME, Oct. 5), a meaningless economic move, was a sop to the Socialists, who held no Cabinet posts, but whose 88 votes in the Chamber of Deputies keep Premier Amintore Fanfani's government in power. The next measure the Socialists are demanding is the creation of 15 regional governments in Italy, a move opposed by many Christian Democrats because it would give the left a dangerous amount of local power if the Socialists remained tied to the Reds.

Last week the course of the *apertura* became hopefully clearer; the left was opening toward the right and the Socialist-Communist alliance seemed to be breaking up.

Decisive Break. Responsible for the change was Socialist Party Leader Pietro Nenni, a longtime fellow traveler who split with the Reds in Parliament after Nikita Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin in 1956. But the split was far from committing his entire party. Last week at a three-day meeting of the Socialist Party's Central Committee Nenni pro-



ST. MARK'S SQUARE FLOODED
Autos or Noah's Ark?

posed to make the break decisive. He offered to open negotiations with the government for a five-year joint legislative program which, if the Fanfani government buys it, will probably bring the Socialists into the government after next spring's elections.

Although Nenni carefully avoided spelling out the specifics of his program, it was believed that the Socialists would settle for gradual social and economic reforms that the other parties had already agreed on. More important, the Socialists were ready to call it quits on demands for more nationalization. The whole deal, warned Nenni, depends on a single condition: the breakup of the local political pacts with the Reds in the proposed regional governments. Said Nenni: "A struggle for power in which Socialists associate themselves with Communists is impossible."

Petty Insult. Nenni's plan infuriated the fellow travelers in his party's high command. "A scandal," cried one. Shouted another: "For a few corrections in the capitalist system, they are offering the breakup of the workers' movement." But Nenni's proposal carried, 45 to 31.

Angrily, Communist Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti called Nenni's program a "serious and grave" threat "to isolate not the Communist Party, but the whole working class." As further proof of their injury, the Reds turned to petty insult, stopped calling Nenni "Comrade," a salutation they have used since World War II.

How to Save a Psychotop

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls

*Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!*

As Byron's lines suggest, Venetians long have been preoccupied with a ghastly civic problem: their lovely city is slowly sinking into the water. Already, in the stormy



FORT OF SANT' ANDREA
Sunk or sacked?

autumn and winter seasons, Venetians sometimes move through St. Mark's Square in gondolas, and housewives occasionally have to do their shopping in fishermen's boats.

The trouble comes partly from the artesian wells and methane gas tapes that weaken the substrata on which the city is built. During storms the lagoon's water tears at the ancient buildings. Similar erosion is caused by the waves of the numerous motorboats, patronized by those too impatient to use gondolas.

The Mayor's Appeal. Disaster is still some time away, for the rate of the city's descent is less than one-fifth of an inch a year. But the city fathers take the long view; at the present pace, much of Venice could be underwater three generations hence. Somewhat frantic at this statistic, Mayor Giovanni Favaretto Fisco sent out a plea for emergency advice to architects, city planners and art lovers the world over. This month some 200 of them gathered soberly in a tapestry-hall on the Isola di San Giorgio to discuss ways to save the fabled city.

The raging debate soon crystallized into two distinct schools of opinion. One group argued that Venice should be preserved as a cultural treasure at any cost. Others were willing to sacrifice a few mosaics and decorated walls in order to end the city's chronic unemployment and build a bustling, modern economy on the ancient Venetian foundations.

U.S. Architect Richard Neutra pleaded for the preservation of the city's charm. "The engineers can solve all of Venice's problems if the money is found," he said. "But what must never be forgotten is that Venice is a 'psychotop'—a place where you anchor your soul." France's famed Le Corbusier sounded the same note in a letter to the mayor. "Venice must be declared a sacred city," wrote Corbusier. "Venice, without roads, is a city where the human nervous system can regain

its equilibrium and man's heart open itself to serenity."

Concrete in the Canal? The practical modernists were impatient with this kind of talk. But even they were shocked at one Italian newspaper's suggestion that there were plans in existence to fill in the Grand Canal with concrete and build roads to bring autos to St. Mark's Square.

One French conferee, the eminent Albert Laprade, chief of restoration of the old buildings of Paris, brushed aside the arguments of both camps. He did not think the city was sinking fast enough for anyone to worry. "I think Venetians exaggerate all their problems because they like to have meetings, and this is certainly the most wonderful place to meet. Therefore, let us have many more of them, perhaps in a motor-driven Noah's Ark in the year 2062."

ESPIONAGE

"A Poor Devil"

The day before the Berlin Wall was built, a Russian named Bogdan Nikolaevevich Stashinsky went over to the West, confessed that he was a Soviet secret agent and that years earlier he had hunted down and killed two Ukrainian anti-Red émigrés in Munich. The reason why the deaths had not attracted special attention—one was put down as a heart attack, the other as suicide—proved bizarre. His weapon, said Stashinsky, had been a single-barreled aluminum air gun that fired a pellet of liquid potassium cyanide through a fine mesh screen, releasing a poison spray. The poison caused death within 10 seconds after it was inhaled, leaving no mark on the victims.

Last week, in the Federal High Court in Karlsruhe, the air-gun killer was on trial, and for three days he quietly explained the circumstances behind his cold-blooded crime. Oddly enough, the friends and relatives of Stashinsky's victims who crowded the courtroom felt less hate than pity for the man in the dock. His was a tale of blackmail, grief, fear and love that moved the lawyer representing the widow of one victim to define the crime as manslaughter, not murder. Added an



DEFECTOR STASHINSKY
Killer or tool?



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attorney for the other widow: Stashinsky was only "a poor devil."

No Choice. Stashinsky's bedevilm ent began innocently enough. In the summer of 1950, he was riding home on the train from Lvov, where he was studying to be a mathematics teacher, when he was picked up by Soviet transport police for traveling without a ticket. Stashinsky, the son of a poor peasant in a nearby village, was relieved when police let him go after merely asking some questions.

But the cops obviously concluded that they could use Stashinsky; a few days later, he was summoned back to police headquarters and blackmailed into becoming an informer. The area around Lvov was a hotbed of guerrilla activity by anti-Communist Ukrainian nationalists, many of whom had fought with the Nazis against the Russians during the war. Stashinsky's family, especially a

this was all necessary to help other people. At moments like this you grab on to your political dogma to pull you through even when you feel it's hollow."

Stashinsky pulled through. While passing Rebet on the staircase of an office building, he pointed the six-inch aluminum barrel at Rebet's face and pulled the trigger. Rebet toppled without a sound, and Stashinsky did not look back as he walked to a canal and dropped the weapon into the water. Two years later, he killed another exiled Ukrainian leader, Stefan Bandera, almost as smoothly. But while watching a newsreel of Bandera's funeral in a movie theater, Stashinsky felt his conscience catching up with him. "It hit me like a hammer," he said. "From then on, I knew that I must never allow myself to be used like this again."

To his Soviet superiors, Stashinsky was a hero: he was flown back to Moscow,

"How come you to faint, Mum?"

"Oh, Policeman, have you ever seen a man in kilts riding a bicycle?"



POSTCARD KING MCGILL SURROUNDED BY TYPICAL PRODUCTS
But had he ever kippled?

younger sister, supported the guerrillas. Unless he cooperated, police told Stashinsky, his family would be sent to Siberia. Testified Stashinsky last week: "I had no choice. I wanted to see an end to the fighting. I wanted to protect my family. And I wanted to go on studying."

The new MVD recruit easily passed his first test: he asked his sister to put him in contact with a local underground group, then turned in its leaders. Soon afterward, Stashinsky was enrolled in a spy school at Kiev. Assigned to East Berlin, Stashinsky was bored with his tasks; he passed information to and from other Soviet couriers, and once he was ordered to copy down the license plate numbers of Allied military vehicles. One of Stashinsky's few excitements was a girl he met in an East Berlin dance hall, Inge Pohl, with whom he fell in love. Inge did not know her lover's real employer, thought Stashinsky was a translator.

Stricken Confidence. In 1957 Stashinsky received orders to go to Munich, track down a Ukrainian nationalist writer named Lev Rebet and kill him; an agent sent from Moscow gave him instructions in using the poison-spray gun. The prospect mildly disturbed Stashinsky, but his belief that the Ukrainian extremists were "people of the lowest sort" stiffened his spirit. Still, when he tested the gun on a dog that was tied to a tree, Stashinsky recalled, "I felt sick. I kept telling myself

received the Order of the Red Banner signed personally by Marshal Kliment Voroshilov. At a lavish stag party, Secret Police Boss Aleksander Shelepin himself gave him the high award.

Tragic Opportunity. That night Stashinsky announced that he intended to marry Inge Pohl. Reluctantly, Shelepin & Co. agreed, though they would have preferred a Russian girl for their boy. Stashinsky was ordered to stay in Moscow and Inge, who by now knew her husband's real job, joined him there. Soon she persuaded Stashinsky to flee to the West, but it seemed impossible. Their Moscow apartment was bugged, and often they would communicate only by notes.

Tragedy finally gave them their chance to escape. When Inge became pregnant, she was allowed to go back to East Berlin to have her baby. The baby died, and the secret police, though suspicious that Inge had poisoned the child, permitted Stashinsky to return for the funeral. Before the burial, the couple shook off Soviet agents who were trailing them and took the elevated train into Berlin.

Said Stashinsky at last week's trial: "My confession is a sign of my remorse." His sentence: eight years in prison, a surprisingly light punishment, reflecting the court's opinion that Stashinsky was "an abused tool of highly placed wire-pullers" and the really guilty party was the Soviet government.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Sancho Panza View

Rare is the Briton who has not paused during a seaside holiday to dash off a "wish-you-were-here" note on one of those "naughty postcards." From Brighton and Blackpool, millions of the garishly colored cards are mailed each year with their fat ladies and skinny drunks, timid vicars and saucy tarts, bashful honeymooners and beery, bulb-nosed husbands, all with risqué captions. Since 1964, their creator, shy, retiring Donald McGill, turned out no fewer than 12,500 cards, and sold 200 million copies. In London, the "King of the Postcards" died at 87, and Britain last week mourned the passing of an institution.

Too corny to be really dirty, McGill's cards played for the broad belly laugh rather than the snide snigger, and in



TOPIC

"That was my husband—he says he's out with you!"



so doing gave expression to a peculiarly British brand of humor. His very first success, which might draw a wondering shrug or an embarrassed titter outside Britain, but hardly a howl, showed a chambermaid peeping through the bathroom keyhole and saying, "He won't be long now, sir, he is drying himself."

His humor was less in the tradition of the *Miller's Tale* than of the music hall, the kind that called for an elbow in the ribs and a broad wink. He: "Do you like Kipling?" She: "I don't know, you naughty boy. I've never kippled." The double-entendre gave McGill his most successful card, good for a staggering 6,000,000 copies, but now out of print. A shriveled shrimp of a man with a huge mustache, naked but for a small towel, stands before a doctor, who tells him: "Sorry, but we will have to take it off. It's sapping your strength." Another pictured a fat, bulging female kneeling on her bed and praying:

*Police send a man to share my lot,
No one knows what a lot I've got.*

A gentle, proper man who favored bow ties and bowlers and was often taken for a solicitor, McGill said of himself: "I am really rather Victorian in my outlook." And so he was. To Author Stephen Potter (*Gamesmanship*), McGill's cards brought back "memories of bathing tents and sand in gym shoes and tea at a beach café." To the late George



STRONGMAN SALLAL



CAPITAL CITY OF SAN'A
No spitting on the carpets, please.



AHMAD THE DEVIL

Orwell, they meant something vastly different: a splashy, tintype, but nonetheless authentic expression of "the Sancho Panza view of life." Like Don Quixote's earthly squire, McGill "punctures your fine attitudes and urges you to look after number one," wrote Orwell in the 40s. "The other element in man, the lazy, cowardly, debt-bilking adulterer who is inside all of us, can never be suppressed altogether, and needs a hearing occasionally."

YEMEN

Arabia Felix

In San'a, Yemen's mud brick capital, the forces of the revolution last week passed in review. Tribesmen galloped through the streets, wearing brass-trimmed bandoleers, with curved, wide-bladed *djamblas* thrust into their broad-caged belts. They were followed by camel troops, native levies in skirts and armed with muskets dating back to Napoleon, and new army recruits in crumpled khaki uniforms. From the second-floor window of his headquarters, the architect of the revolution, Brigadier General Abdallah Sallal, cried: "The corrupt monarchy which ruled for a thousand years was a disgrace to the Arab nation and to all humanity. Anyone who tries to restore it is an enemy of God and man!"

The turbaned, gun-toting crowd shouted: "We are with you, Sallal!"

Silent Refuge. General Sallal last week seemed firmly in control of Yemen. His coup had originally been aimed at the feudalistic regime of the Imam known as Ahmad the Devil, who, aged 71, died of natural causes in mid-September before the conspirators could kill him. Ten days after Ahmad's son, Seif el Badr, ascended the throne, General Sallal surrounded the royal palace in San'a with 4,000 troops and began blasting away with tank guns. At first, the rebels believed that the new Imam had died in the ruins, but belatedly they learned that Badr had escaped, reportedly disguised as a Bedouin woman, and made his way to the safety of Saudi Arabia, whose King Saud, together with Jordan's King Hussein, pledged men, money and munitions to the overthrow of Sallal.

As ruling monarchs, Saud and Hussein were worried that revolution in Yemen might easily spread to their own lands. Two armies of about 1,000 men each, most raised from Yemenite tribesmen in Saudi territory, invaded Yemen, but Sallal swiftly assembled his ragtag Yemenite army and, with the help of Soviet arms and Egyptian planes, drove the royalists back across the border into Saudi Arabia and Britain's Aden Protectorate. Twenty-five nations, from Russia to Indonesia, promptly recognized Sallal's regime. The U.S. and Britain trapped their allies with the remaining Arab monarchies and their concern for the oil-rich regions of Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf, took refuge in silence on the question of recognition, and appealed for "nonintervention" by everyone.

Meanwhile, Yemen is opening up to the outside world. TIME Correspondent George de Carvalho last week found Strongman Sallal in his San'a home, sitting alone on a mattress, surrounded by fellow officers, adding an occasional cigarette butt to the litter of orange peels on the mosaic floor. Sallal offered a justification of his coup, which turned mostly on reminiscences of the incredibly corrupt and backward rule imposed on Yemen by the gross, 300-lb. Ahmad the Devil.

Erotic Gadgets. Ahmad governed by means of spies, subsidies and the executioner's ax, decapitating more than a thousand enemies. He was a man of enormous appetite: he would do away with an entire roast lamb at a single sitting and thengulp down a pound of honey as a between-meals snack. He had three wives and 40 concubines, but in the last years of his life his potency declined, and he had unsuccessful recourse to rejuvenation treatments by a Swiss doctor. His luckless harem consoled itself with sorties into lesbianism and erotic gadgets sent from Japan. Like many Yemenites, Ahmad

o In Saudi Arabia, King Saud was so alarmed by the defection of four of his air force planes and their crews to Egypt that he resigned the office of Premier, turned it over to his brother, Crown Prince Faisal, a popular, able and tough-minded nationalist who believes in austerity and reform.

chewed *qat*, a narcotic shrub similar to marijuana, and switched to morphine in 1953—heroically breaking the habit six years later.

Ahmad did his best to carry Yemen back to the 10th century instead of forward to the 20th. He grabbed choice lands and houses that struck his fancy, and jailed those owners who complained. He handled all the state funds, but never kept accounts or made a budget. The country had no daily newspaper, no long-distance phone, no credit system—not even a Coca-Cola plant. As nearly as anyone can estimate, Ahmad's annual income was about \$16 million. His expenditures about \$21 million. He raised money by adding charges to customs duties and levying internal tariffs on trucks and caravans. In times past, fertile Yemen, known as Arabia Felix, was the granary of Arabia, but it now must buy wheat and butter abroad. Exports of Yemen's top-grade Mocha coffee dropped from 25,000 tons to 12,000, and last year to 5,000 tons. Starved and graft-ridden, Yemen's 4,500,000 people began exporting themselves; some 500,000 emigrated. The religious as well as temporal leader, Imam Ahmad sternly forbade movies, stringed instruments and alcohol—anyone caught with liquor was publicly flogged.

Unpaid Hardware. But Ahmad could be generous. Following the Koran's injunction on charity, he would spend hours daily under a tree in his palace courtyard receiving all comers, handing out money to widows, orphans, old soldiers, the halt and the blind. His several ramshackle palaces were filled with unworkable plumbing, gilt furniture, fading carpets and hundreds of clocks, all stopped.

In his own way, Crown Prince Badr tried to get the clocks moving again. An arms deal with Russia engineered by him brought T-34 tanks, Yak fighter planes and an arsenal of small arms to Yemen, although Ahmad cried: "I don't need them—I have my sword!" He never paid for the Red hardware and was content to let it rust into uselessness. As fast as Badr brought in Egyptian teachers, Czech technicians and Yugoslav pilots and maintenance crews, Ahmad deported them. The Red Chinese built a showcase highway



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from the port of Hodeida to the capital, but after nine months of use, it is pot-holed and partially blocked by landslides.

Only 1% of Yemen's population attended primary school—and 50% of this elite suffer from pellagra. Infant mortality up to two years of age runs 58%, one of the world's worst. In all Yemen there are only three hospitals, two high schools and a primitive military academy, but the six-man Yemenite Foreign Office used to concoct reports to the U.N. of totally imaginary hospitals and schools, including a College of Aviation.

Outdated Qat. Against this regime, Sallal and his friends were plotting for 20 years, ever since he qualified for training at a military academy in Iraq. "In Baghdad," he says, "I was dazzled by all the wonderful things that did not exist in Yemen. If I viewed Baghdad as progress, you can understand what Yemen is like." Involvement in plots often landed Sallal in jail. He spent ten years as a prisoner, seven of them in solitary confinement in a dungeon at Hajjah, where he was chained to an iron ball. His stomach still suffers from the diet, and Sallal always keeps a bottle of BiSoDol near by. One of his first acts on getting power was to execute the Imam's director of prisons.

Still unanswered is what kind of government Sallal will give Yemen. San'a was thronged last week with hopeful advisers—sleek Egyptians, close-mouthed Russians, eager Yemenites exiles home for a new start. Electric light and water went on and off irregularly, and the royal palaces and guesthouses were jammed with sheiks squatting on the floor smoking water pipes, barefoot soldiers with tommy guns and kohl-eyed women who had daringly torn off their veils. Sheiks who spat *qat* on the carpets were reproved: "Yemen is now a modern republic!"

Says Sallal: "I'm fighting against hunger, sickness and ignorance in Yemen. That is my goal, and you can label it anything you want to. I want a constitution within a year or two, and elections within five years. By then we should have done something worthwhile." He adds with humor: "Western diplomats should help us—for them, Yemen must be the worst post in the world."

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Sourball Captain

The war that Terry D. Cordell fought in the central highlands of South Viet Nam was far different from any fought at The Citadel, from which he graduated in 1957. His troops were primitive *montagnard* tribesmen who dressed in loincloths, hunted with crossbows and poisoned arrows, and worshiped animist spirits who lived in trees. Yet Captain Cordell, 27, was so successful in training, arming and protecting some 100,000 *montagnards* that the complex of fortified villages under his command became a showplace for visiting VIPs. Often Cordell would complain that he had to spend more time squiring dignitaries than fighting the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas.

With his eleven-man team, Cordell lived

right in a village of the Rhade tribe, ate rice as a staple, wore neither rank nor insignia on his U.S. Army camouflage fatigues. In his pockets was always a supply of sourball candies, which he passed out to *montagnard* children—if they took a bath. Often youngsters would bathe three times a day just to get extra sourballs.

Teaching the tribesmen basic military tactics and how to handle weapons, Cordell helped organize a strike force of 1,000 Rhades to assist in village defense and to take the initiative against the Viet Cong. Where once the illiterate tribesmen made notches on bamboo sticks to indicate the number of Communist guerrillas they had seen, Cordell taught them how to count with their fingers and toes. Each toe was a unit of ten; two toes and three fingers equaled 23 Reds. When the Viet Cong



JEROLD L. SCHWETZ
VISITOR² BEING GREETED BY CORDELL
An un-Citadel kind of war.

killed village pigs and cattle, Cordell saw that they were replaced; when tribesmen were wounded, he would accompany them to the hospital. So much did the Rhades admire Cordell that they initiated him into the tribe; exchanging blood with the Rhade chief. Cordell became his blood brother.

Repeatedly Cordell badgered his superiors for helicopters to ease his supply problem, to facilitate medical evacuation, and to react quicker against Viet Cong attacks. Finally, early this month, five whirlybirds arrived. Last week Cordell helicopter over the jungle on the lookout for Red guerrillas, who farther south were being buffeted by a massive government offensive against the Viet Cong stronghold of Tayninh province, 50 miles northwest of Saigon. The government mission was a failure; forewarned, the Reds slipped away into the bush, lost only 45 men killed in seven days. But in the central highlands the Viet Cong did exact a heavy toll. From a jungle hiding spot, their fire ripped into Cordell's helicopter and sent it crashing to earth, killing the

² General Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

captain and two companions, bringing to 30 the number of U.S. troops killed in action in Viet Nam.

At week's end, members of a *montagnard* honor guard at Saigon airport paid their final farewell to their brother as his flag-draped coffin was put aboard a plane for shipment back to the U.S. and burial.

INDIA

A Thousand Days or More

The first heavy snow of winter fell along India's disputed Himalayan frontier with Red China last week—and with it came a rain of mortar and machine-gun fire. In a two-pronged attack, thousands of Chinese troops overwhelmed precarious Indian outposts both in Ladakh and 900 miles away in the North East Frontier Agency. Indian troops retreated to better defense positions, though at least one frontier station fought to the last round before it fell. Flying without fighter support, lumbering Indian transports ram into a hail of Chinese antiaircraft fire as they tried to resupply remote border outposts. An Indian helicopter loaded with Indian wounded was shot down.

In a rare news conference, India's Defense Minister Krishna Menon, who has often seemed to be more vigorous in defending Red China than India, accused the Chinese of "premeditated and concerted" attacks. Echoing the toughening talk of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, Menon declared that India must throw the Communists out of its territory—"whether it takes one day, a hundred days, or a thousand days." Menon knew that it might take all that—and more.

At a five-hour briefing with senior army officers at the forward command headquarters of Tezpur, 100 miles from the frontier of Chinese-held Tibet, Menon learned that the Indian troops need new and better equipment to equalize Red China's terrain advantage. Operating from the Tibetan plateau, the Chinese have roads and airstrips only a short distance from their front lines. But the Indians must carry food and equipment on foot from forward supply depots up sheer mountain peaks too steep even for pack animals; a trip from a supply station to a frontier outpost often takes eight days. Airdrops are difficult because of the tricky mountain wind currents.

To ease the supply problem, India dispatched a shopping expedition to the U.S., Britain and France to obtain helicopters and high-altitude transports capable of ferrying men and equipment to the precipitous frontier, where some stations are 18,000 ft. above sea level. But even with the new aircraft, the Indians will still be faced with Chinese air superiority. The Reds are now operating two squadrons of Russian-built MIG jet fighters from forward airstrips on the Tibetan plateau. While India has no combat fighters along the border, confidently the Chinese announced that any Indian plane "violating Chinese airspace" would be shot down. Said Peking: "The Indian troops will reap the evil fruit of their own sowing if they continue their attack."



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CASTRO & BEN BELLA
Red tanks mocked . . .

CUBA

Double Traveler

It used to be that a neutralist wishing to show how even-handed his politics were had to journey half a world, to Washington and Moscow. Now he can achieve the same effect on the cheap, by a trip to the U.N. with layovers in Washington and Havana. Last week Algeria's Premier Ahmed ben Bella, 45, leading his new nation into "constructive neutrality," said good-bye to President Kennedy one day and hello to Fidel Castro the next day.

Gestures All Around. Determined to outdo the traditional 21-gun salute that Ben Bella got on the White House lawn, Castro had an old Communist satellite gimmick to impress his guest—a 21-tank salute. As the long rifles of the Russian-built tanks barked their welcome, the bearded Cuban gave the slim Algerian rebel a mighty *abrazo* and then led him to the microphones. Said Castro: "To make this visit at a time when the powerful Yankee empire has redoubled its hostility against our country . . . is, on your part, *Señor* Premier, an act of courage and a gesture we shall never forget."

From then on, it was one gesture after another. Ben Bella gushed praise for the "extraordinary advances and progress of this revolution despite the maneuvers of enemy forces." Every Algerian, he said, "knows, follows and admires" the Cuban revolution; Algerians celebrate "as a national event, the victory of Playa Girón." As a new nation, he said, Algeria has struck only one medal of honor, and this will be given to Castro.

"You Too." Ben Bella saw little of Castro's hungry, rundown island during his day in Cuba. Most of the time was

THE HEMISPHERE

spent huddled with Castro officialdom. Castro and Cuban President Osvaldo Dorticos were particularly insistent that Ben Bella agree to a specific denunciation of the U.S. Guantánamo Naval Base. So was Che Guevara, the Argentine Communist in charge of Cuba's economy. "Sooner or later," he told Ben Bella, "you, too, will have to face the issue of the French naval base of Mers-el-Kébir." According to a later Algerian account of the session, Ben Bella urged Castro to ease tension with the U.S. "And just how?" asked Castro. A little less rattling of Russian rockets would help, Ben Bella reportedly said. The final joint communiqué reflected no such exchange. Ben Bella approved a statement demanding an end to "imperialist oppression" and "foreign military bases in other countries, including the naval base at Guantánamo."

Washington, which hopes to get along with Ben Bella, reacted with a pained official silence, and a private explanation that Ben Bella has a large body of leftist support to keep happy. Flying back to New York the Algerian Premier would say no more about Cuba. But Algerians at the U.N. reported some interesting observations by Ben Bella and his aides about their Cuban hosts. They got the feeling that Che Guevara and Armed Forces Commander Raúl Castro were the real "strongmen" of the regime. President Osvaldo Dorticos, long considered a mere Castro puppet, was a surprisingly "strong personality." What about Castro himself? "Still immature, and too nervous."

Forced Residence

Fidel Castro has long complained that the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay is being used as a hideout by guerrillas and underground fighters against his Communist police state. New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating has a complaint of his own: that Cuban refugees are being held in Guantánamo against their will. The Navy last week answered both accusations.

All told, 358 Cubans have hopped the fence into Guantánamo. A few of them have since slipped away by one means or another. The rest are still on the base, because of a legal quirk. The base commander, Rear Admiral Edward J. O'Donnell, has no authority to grant visas to the U.S., and even if he did have authority, the U.S.-Cuban lease agreement of 1903 does not establish Guantánamo as a port of exit for Cuban citizens. Eager to give Castro no legal grounds for demanding annulment of the lease, which runs in perpetuity and can only be terminated by mutual consent, Guantánamo officers carefully explain to Cubans who slip past Castro's guards that they cannot be authorized to travel to the U.S. Result: the Cuban refugees are put to work on the base.



KENNEDY & BEN BELLA
... the U.S. salute.

PANAMA

The Old Man & the Bridge

Maurice Hudson Thatcher is a gnarled, 92-year-old relic of Panama Canal construction days and still has a pioneer's proprietary interest in the Canal Zone, which Teddy Roosevelt leased from Panama in 1903. The only living member of the Isthmian Canal Commission responsible for digging the waterway, Thatcher served five terms as a U.S. Congressman from Kentucky, had a powerful voice in canal legislation. Thatcher Highway and Thatcher Ferry in the zone bear his name, and last week Thatcher was pleased by a third honor: he arranged to have a new bridge named Thatcher Ferry Bridge. But in so doing, the old man touched off angry new sparks between the U.S. and the sensitive little Republic of Panama.

Until recently, the only link over the canal has been a cumbersome swing bridge at the Pacific end. In response to Panama's urging, the U.S. spent \$20 million on a new bridge rising 384 ft. above the canal three miles downstream. The question was what to call it. At a time when Washington is increasingly mindful of Panama's "titular sovereignty," and now flies the Panamanian flag next to the Stars and Stripes in the zone, one name that almost everybody liked was "Bridge of the Americas"—symbolizing Panama's importance as a crossroads. But not Thatcher. In Washington, where he now lives, Thatcher lobbied until the House Appropriations Committee inserted a provision into a zone bill naming the structure Thatcher Ferry Bridge.

In no time at all, Panamanians were deep in name-calling of their own. "An insult to Panamanian sovereignty," cried the Panamanian Students' Federation. When Thatcher himself and U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball turned up for the dedication, rioting Panamanian youths swarmed up the steel framework, waving Panamanian flags and shouting "Thatcher *No, Americas Si!*" Thatcher's name was ripped from the bridge plaque. The rest of the dedication ceremony, including a scheduled speech by Thatcher, was hurriedly canceled. Still, everyone agrees, it is nice to have the bridge, whatever its name.

© Cuba's name for the Bay of Pigs invasion.

PEOPLE

Geneva has many fine houses with many fine rooms, but the U.S. diplomats who travel to the city for those endless international conferences must find humbler lodgings in the overcrowded hotels. Hearing of the diplomats' lot from U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, Boston Socialite **Mrs. Katharine McCormick**, 89, widow of an heir to the International Harvester farm machine fortune, came to the rescue with a generous donation: her 235-year-old, \$500,000 chateau in the nearby village of Prangins. The 40-room mansion will be renovated by the U.S. Government and will become the residence of United States U.N. European Ambassador Roger Tubby, who will keep a light burning for his visiting colleagues.

With fond memories of the jovial crown prince who spent the wartime years in the Highlands, rallying and training his exiled countrymen to fight the Nazis, the usually solemn Scots of Edinburgh gave visiting **King Olav V** of Norway, 59, a tumultuous welcome. King Olav's merry ways broke down all reserve. Stepping from his coach at Edinburgh's Princes Street station, he gallantly saluted Queen Elizabeth II, then bussed her on the cheek; in courtly succession, he kissed the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. As he rode next to the Queen in a state landau drawn by six grey horses, a crowd of 100,000 lined the Royal Mile to the Palace of Holyroodhouse to cheer the sailor King. Then the King was admitted to Scotland's oldest order of chivalry; along with British Foreign Secretary Lord Home, he was dubbed a Knight of the Order of the Thistle.

To top off the Vienna premiere of Benjamin Britten's opera *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the city's renowned Staatsoper, the Austrian government bestowed its highest musical tribute on the

Connecticut-born beauty singing the leading role of Titania. She was Soprano **Teresa Stich-Randall**, 34, who for the past ten years has made Vienna home base and last year took her first bows at the Met. Her new title: *Kammersängerin* (chamber singer), the first time an American-born artist has ever received the award.

Buzzing onto the runway of Bombay's Juhi Airport, the single-engined de Havilland Leopard-Moth looked as if it might be powered by rubber bands. But the 1933-vintage monoplane was admirably airworthy. Out of the cockpit popped dapper **Jehangir Ratan Dababoy Tata**, 58, chairman of the country's flag-line Air-India, and India's foremost industrialist. Tata piloted the old flying machine over the 662-mile route from Karachi to Bom-



INDUSTRIALIST TATA
An old Leopard-Moth.

bay to celebrate the 30th anniversary of India's first airmail flight, which he himself flew in a Puss Moth, the cousin of the Leopard. He had no trouble on the trip—except for a radio which conked out on the way. Grinned Tata: "It just goes to prove that technical progress has its disadvantages. Thirty years ago, this could not happen because there was no radio."

The beery, belligerent baseball player of the Ruthian era would have answered with a monosyllabic grunt. A bit more polish is evident on today's diamond. Settling back after a hefty luncheon in his honor, New York Yankee Pitcher **Ralph Terry**, 26, casually lit up a fat cigar. "That's a heck of a sight for the youth of America," chided a reporter. Replied psychologically acute Terry dryly: "Can't help it. I was fixated at the oral stage."

In 1961, blonde Aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, 53, set eight world class records in a supersonic T-38 jet trainer and



SOPRANO STICH-RANDALL
A new *Kammersängerin*.



FLYER COCHRAN
A Mach 2 girl.

pushed an F-104 fighter to twice the speed of sound. For having racked up more individual flight records than any pilot—males included—in so short a time, the stylish cosmetics-company owner accepted from President Kennedy her sixth Harmon International Aviation Trophy for extraordinary flying.

Within 50 years the earth will have a new race of men, said French Deep Sea Explorer **Jacques-Yves Cousteau**, 50. And who will he be? *Homo aquatics*—the Water Man, who will be born, live, and die entirely beneath the sea. The first experimental below-the-briny colony, Cousteau told a worldwide congress of fellow skindivers in London, is already abuilding in the French port of Marseille. Consisting of a prefabricated set of water-tight houses, the "village," large enough to hold 24 people, will be submerged 33 ft. below the Mediterranean early next year. Added Cousteau: scientists of the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration are at work on a gadget that will turn men into real fishes—an artificial gill that fits under the armpit, will allow the user to regenerate his blood with oxygen without breathing.

"Girls of today have good, strong, square shoulders. They have a more athletic physique," said British Artist **Sir William Russell Flint**, 82, one man who certainly ought to know. Sprightly Sir William, the dean of Britain's painters of nudes, has depicted more than 1,000 undraped women in the past 40 years—currently has a one-man show at the Royal Academy. "When I started painting," he said, "you always saw what we used to call 'champagne-bottle shoulders'—girls with poor, sloping shoulders and poor muscles." Now, says Sir William, the shapes have squared away, and "I must say I think it's a very good thing. I've always enjoyed painting attractive women, provided a girl has good features, good bone formation and so on."

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(transcribed by Vladimir Horowitz)



SCIENCE



BIOCHEMIST SCHRAMM
As in the beginning.

BIOCHEMISTRY Step Toward Life

Can chemists synthesize life? Not quite yet. But famed Biochemist Gerhard Schramm of the Max Planck Institute for Virus Research at Tübingen, Germany, is coming remarkably close. Last month he told a conference at Munich that he has managed with simple chemicals to build nucleic acid, the most vital compound in living organisms—and he used the same processes that are thought to have created the first life on earth.

Students of ancient life believe that billions of years ago the newly formed earth was covered by an atmosphere that had no free oxygen in it. Instead it had methane, ammonia, carbon dioxide and other gases that cannot be breathed by modern animals. Lightning flashes, so the theory goes, forced these gases to form complicated chemicals that dissolved in sea water. There the chemicals reacted with each other and the water, forming bigger and bigger molecules. After millions or billions of years of this process, a single molecule—perhaps a nucleic acid—was

formed that had the ability to grow, reproduce and evolve into higher organisms.

This was the start of life, and chemists have often tried to copy the process themselves. They have mixed the proper gases in a laboratory flask, put water in the bottom to simulate the ocean, and shot electric sparks into it to do the work of the ancient lightning. When they analyzed the water, they found many an interesting chemical, some of them characteristic of living organisms, but they did not find nucleic acid, the essential substance at the heart of life.

Dr. Schramm started his synthesis with chemicals that were probably dissolved in the ancient ocean before life appeared. Some of them were simple sugars, amino acids or nucleotides (small molecules contained in nucleic acids). Perhaps the most important were phosphorus compounds called polyphosphate esters. Dr. Schramm believes that all of them could have been formed by natural, nonliving reactions on the lifeless earth.

Carefully avoiding life-made catalysts such as enzymes, he treated his chemical broth to moderate heat, pressure and other influences that were probably felt in the ancient ocean. Then he analyzed the product and found that it contained a simple nucleic acid. It met all chemical tests, and when its giant molecules were examined under a powerful electron microscope they showed evidence of the twisted, ropelike structure that is characteristic of natural nucleic acids.

Dr. Schramm wants no one to assume—as some German newspapers have done—that he expects soon to create real living creatures in his laboratory. His synthetic nucleic acid is not alive; it is merely chemically similar to the giant molecules that cluster in the nuclei of living cells and enable them to reproduce their kind. But he has brought chemistry closer to the day when some resourceful researcher will put together a molecule that can lead a dim, synthetic life.

Nucleic Nobelmen

Before such adventurous chemists as Gerhard Schramm even tried to manufacture nucleic acid, they had to understand how its giant molecules are put together, how they function as the essence of life on earth. Last week one American and two British scientists won the 1962 Nobel Prize for Medicine for working out the complex structure of the most vital kind of nucleic acid, and for explaining how its structure enables it to control the heredity of all living creatures.

The new Nobel Laureates are Francis Harry Compton Crick, 46, of Britain's Cambridge University; Chicago-born James Dewey Watson, 34, who worked with Crick and is now a professor of biology at Harvard; and Maurice Hugh Frederick Wilkins, 46, deputy director of the biophysics laboratory at King's College, London. None of them is a doctor of medicine; Wilkins is a physicist, the others are biologists. Between them they will share about \$49,650.

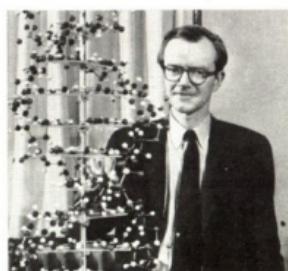
Until they won their joint award, just about the only thing the three researchers had in common was an interest in the molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), the kind of nucleic acid that controls the reproduction of most living cells. California's famed chemist, Nobelman Linus Pauling, had suggested that this monster



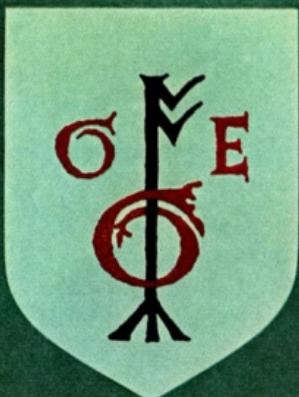
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molecule, containing hundreds of thousands, or even millions of atoms, might be built in a spiral. Crick, Watson and Wilkins were among the many scientists who eagerly tested Pauling's theory.

Magpie's Hut. Crick and Watson did their work in a shabby shack sandwiched between the imposing academic buildings on the flower-bordered lawns of Cambridge. In one corner of this laboratory (known locally as The Hut), they had a magpie's nest of old books and model molecules strung like mobiles from the ceiling. Debonair and carefully dressed, Crick always managed to look incongruous there; Watson, tattered, rumpled and far more casual in his dress, fitted the picture perfectly. New Zealand-born Wilkins, tall, blond and courtly in the British manner, worked with Dr. Rosalind Franklin (who died in 1958) in a laboratory in London.

The basic tool used by both groups was X-ray diffraction, which produces enigmatic pictures that can be interpreted to show the structure of invisible molecules. Wilkins made the pictures of DNA himself; Watson and Crick interpreted X-ray pictures made by others, some by Wilkins. Both groups came to similar conclusions: that the DNA molecule is a spiral (as Pauling said), but that it is a double spiral, like a winding staircase with steps made of submolecules (nucleotides) arranged in pairs.

New Life. Determination of DNA's structure was as important to studies of the secrets of life as was the splitting of the atom to physics. The thousands of rungs connecting the helices are made up of nucleotides put together in a definite order. This order is a code that determines whether a particular germ cell will develop into a mouse or a man. The chromosomes that dictate heredity are, essentially, chains of DNA. When one of these vital molecules in an animal cell is altered by radiation, chemicals, or in any other way, the result may be the aberrant growth that is called cancer—which is why Dr. Wilkins is now visiting at Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. Since abnormal or defective DNA molecules may cause other innate defects or disease, pioneers on today's frontiers of biochemistry and molecular medicine hope some day to reverse some human disorders by supplying tailor-made, corrective DNA.

SPACE

Dead Probe

U.S. space exploration got a setback last week when the \$10 million, gold- and chrome-plated Ranger V moon probe ran out of electric power before it neared the moon. The launch was perfect, but the spacecraft's solar-powered electric system did not deliver the necessary juice. After 8 hr. 44 min. of flight, Ranger V went dead. Though it may pass close to its target, it will be able to make no observations. Ten more Rangers are scheduled for the vital duty of exploring the moon by instrument before men try to land there.

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we like
being a
DIFFERENT
life
insurance
company

(and what it means to our policyowners)

INTERESTING—how things sometimes turn out. Take our company for example.

It was started way back in 1857. But our founders couldn't possibly have known that, 105 years later, the company they began would become so increasingly different from others in the life insurance business.

Different we are though. And we like it. And so do our policyowners.

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Northwestern Mutual is what you might call a "specialist" life insurance company. We sell life insurance, and that's it.

We particularly specialize in permanent life insurance, with high dividend return and high cash values. *The resultant low net cost is exceptional among major life insurance companies.*

We sell no health or accident insurance, nor workmen's compensation nor even group life insurance.

By concentrating our efforts on one type of insurance we are able to furnish a maximum amount of high-quality permanent life insurance for the least amount of money.

And the life insurance we do sell, we sell simply and straightforwardly. We have no complicated plans with complicated names. As one of our former presidents once said, "We try to do only one thing, and do it exceedingly well."

Pure Mutuality

Northwestern Mutual has long been known as "the policyowner's company." This is no idle phrase. It is based on a belief as old as the company . . . and is still its guiding philosophy in everything it does today.

An example of the company's dedication to strict mutuality is the Policyowner's Examining Committee. Unique in the life insurance business, this Committee is composed of five policyowners who have no connection with the company ex-

cept as regular policyowners.

Chosen each year by the Board of Trustees, these five professional and business leaders come to the home office and thoroughly examine Northwestern Mutual—assuring themselves that the business is being conducted efficiently for the benefit of those who own it—the policyowners. The Committee publishes its findings to all policyowners.

Circle of Success

Northwestern Mutual keeps getting more successful all the time. Actually, it's a "Circle of Success"—and it goes like this:

A superior staff of agents produces a superior group of policyowners. These quality policyowners purchase life insurance in relatively large amounts which lowers the cost of handling. Having purchased intelligently, such policyowners create further economies by keeping up their insurance. They also take better care of their health and live longer. The result is high dividends year after year—lowering costs and encouraging policyowners to purchase more insurance. This, in turn, creates further success for agents and the circle completes itself.

One out of every six Northwestern agents is a Chartered Life Underwriter—highest degree for professional scholarship. One out of 10 Northwestern agents is a member of the Million Dollar Round Table. Both achievements are considerably better than the industry average.

Of course, success for Northwestern Mutual means success for policyowners.

Whatever their use for Northwestern insurance—from family protection to a retirement fund, from children's college education to estate taxes—policyowner satisfaction is evident in one simple fact. Of all the new insurance Northwestern sells

every year, nearly half is sold to present policyowners.

Northwestern Mutual is truly a *different* life insurance company . . . with differences that are vital to its 1,190,000 policyowners. To discover what these differences can mean to you, just call your local NML agent. He's in the phone book.

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With assets well over \$4 billion, Northwestern Mutual is the 20th largest United States corporation.

★
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★
Northwestern Mutual has increased its dividend scale 10 times in the last 10 years . . . an outstanding record among all major life insurance firms.

★
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★
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★
Two other important factors in Northwestern Mutual's long-term operating economy: low mortality rate and policyowners' excellent record of keeping their insurance in force.

★
Thus, year after year, Northwestern Mutual has been a leader among life insurance companies in low net cost.

**THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN**

THE PRESS

On the Trail

"Maybe there ought to be a political campaigner's uniform," mused the Christian Science Monitor last week, "with helmet, face guard and sundry bulges to make the contender look handsomely fearsome. Americans like their games rugged, hit and rah style." Even so, the sight of the U.S. President, out stumping the country on behalf of lesser Democrats, stirred the Monitor to uneasiness: "National policy takes a little explaining these days. It's not just a matter of hurling slogans. Are we playing the right game?"

No such spirit of Christian charity, however, restrained the rest of the U.S. press. From Wheeling to Buffalo to St. Paul, as crowds of Democrats gave Kennedy the smiles and cheers he loves so much, the coaches of the editorial page tore his campaign performance to shreds.

Double Dilemma. Some observers even challenged Kennedy's right to stump. "When he plays the political game straight," wrote the Minneapolis Tribune's Richard Wilson, "he tends to tarnish his prestige." In West Virginia, the Wheeling Intelligencer wished that "the motives which bring the President to this corner of the nation were less blatantly political." The Pittsburgh Press suggested that the nation's boss should have stayed home to mind the shop: "John F. Kennedy is the man who is responsible for making the decisions for our side which can mean peace or war. We'd feel a lot safer if J.F.K. would stick to his job and let his political friends do their own campaigning."

From every side the President was jeered for his national appeal to the voters to give him what amounted to a rubber-stamp Congress. Samples:

► Columnist David Lawrence: "On the one hand, he says he wants a majority in Congress that will support his legislative measures. But on the other hand, he is asking at the same time for the defeat of those Republicans who did vote to support important measures in his program."

► New York Times Columnist Arthur Krock: "A double dilemma. It is how to praise the record of this Congress, as he tactically must; in the same breath censure that record by asking for the election of a more sympathetic legislature."

► Baltimore Sun: "The rationale is simply this: that if more Democrats are elected, there may be enough Kennedy-type Democrats among them to give him a pliant Congress."

► Cincinnati Enquirer: "Having asked for and received in 1960 a Democratic Congress, he has found that is not enough."

Something Lacking. The Indianapolis News dug up a speech that Congressman Kennedy made 13 years ago and threw it back at him: "The very blunders you denounced in 1949 are continuing under your own regime. In Laos, your Administration has executed a maneuver identical to that you denounced in China; your State Department cut off aid to an anti-



END OF THE FIRST HALF

Communist government to force it into a coalition government with the Communists." The New York Daily News pointedly reprised a question that Presidential Candidate Kennedy, in 1960, aimed at Eisenhower: "If you can't stand up to Castro, how can you be expected to stand up to Khrushchev?"

After auditing a presidential speech in Pittsburgh, in which Kennedy boasted of nourishing Pennsylvania's pale economy with new defense contracts, the Los Angeles Times cried shame. "Does this mean," asked the Times, noting Kennedy's appeal for the election of the state's Democratic gubernatorial candidate Richardson Dilworth, "that before deciding upon a defense contractor the Pentagon should first check to determine whether there is a (D) or an (R) after the Governor's name?" For the *New Republic* Magazine, T.R.B. (nom de plume of Christian Science Monitor Reporter Richard Strout) listened incredulously while the campaigner, speaking in Cincinnati, deplored the

nation's sluggish economy. "Goodness me!" wrote T.R.B. "Who has been President the last two years, anyway? Maybe the new Kennedy slogan should be, 'Let's get the country moving again, again!'"

Petulant Plea

The Negro is fundamentally and perhaps unalterably inferior; he is also immoral, indolent, inept, incapable of learning, and uninterested in full racial equality. The segregationist South feels no guilt about keeping the Negro in his proper place—that is to say, in separate schools. The 1954 U.S. Supreme Court decision ordering desegregation of public schools was unconstitutional, and must be resisted by all means short of violence. Northern carpetbaggers should stay out of Dixie: they only make trouble, do not understand the South and never will.

Such extremist views would do credit to any redneck, but the sentiments belong to James Jackson Kilpatrick, 41, editor of the Richmond, Va., *News Leader* and one of the most gifted and eloquent spokesmen for the Old South. They sputter all through his new book, *The Southern Case for School Segregation* (Crowell-Collier; \$3.95). But though diehard racists will doubtless thrill to its themes, as they have thrilled for years to Kilpatrick's racist editorials in the *News Leader*, the book is really a swan song—Editor Kilpatrick's last roar of defiance in what even he now concedes is a lost cause.

Demagogic Fury. Kilpatrick did not always see racism as a dead-end crusade. A Southerner by birth (Oklahoma), education and temperament, he went straight from journalism school at the University of Missouri to a reporter's job on the *News Leader*. There, in the capital of the Confederacy, and on a paper dedicated to white supremacy, he soon distinguished himself as an implacable enemy of integration in any form. Made editor in 1951, Kilpatrick ran an editorial campaign that, in large measure, polarized Southern resistance to school integration.

Scarcely had the Supreme Court handed down its decision when Kilpatrick attacked it with demagogic fury. "These nine men," he wrote, "repudiated the Constitution, spit upon the Tenth Amendment,* and rewrote the fundamental law of this land to suit their own gaudy concepts of sociology. If it be said now that the South is flouting the law, let it be said to the high court: *you taught us how*." While ostensibly recoiling from violence ("ungentlemanly"), Kilpatrick seemed to be inciting it: "God give us men! We resist now or we resist never."

Hollow Victory. As one means of resistance, Kilpatrick proposed the decrepit doctrine of interposition, by which recalcitrant states attempt to block federal authority with their own. His 1955-56 editorial series on interposition has inspired segregationist leaders ever since—from Virginia's former Governor Almond to Mississippi's Ross Barnett. When interposition failed in Virginia, Kilpatrick



HAVE SUITCASE—WILL TRAVEL

* The so-called states' rights amendment.



Why do people who hate Scotch drink it?

Many people who drink Scotch train themselves to endure the taste of it.

Why?

Scotch is the polite thing to drink. The social drink.

If you've given a cocktail party recently, you'll know how strong the demand is for Scotch.

On the rocks. With soda. Or water. (Anything else is considered uncivilized.)

The unhappy fact is that thousands of people order Scotch and simply "suffer" it.

How much more sensible if they could enjoy it.

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It's made with Glenlivet Scotch. This is prize Highland "soft" Scotch.

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Casks are brought all the way from Valencia, Spain, for ripening or "marrying the spirits."

Quite an extravagance. (Each cask costs over £35.)

To the people who merely endure Scotch, we suggest one of two things.

Either try Chivas Regal.
Or give up Scotch.



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Prix is a magnificent driver's machine. Its power [it is a Pontiac, after all] doesn't call for further comment on our part. Neither does that beautifully restrained styling.



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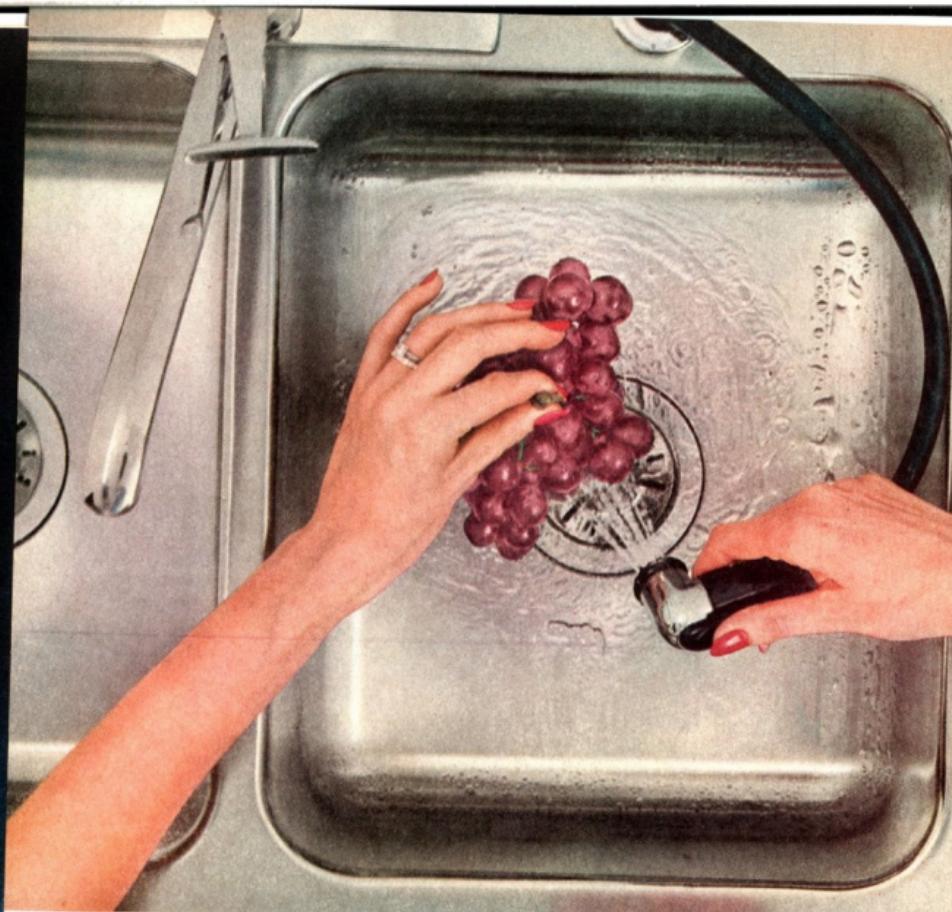
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got a weakness for truly exceptional cars, you'd just better stay away from your Pontiac dealer's—unless you're ready to indulge yourself. You are?

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She spends more time at the kitchen sink than just about any other place in the house. And she can get pretty unhappy about love's labor lost down the drain trying to keep her sink clean.

Try this solution—give your ever-cleaning "better half" an ever-glowing stainless steel sink. Gleaming stainless is so hard and smooth, there's no place for grime and grease to go, except down the drain (along with scouring and bleaching). Stainless remains free of dents, chips and scars, through years of pots and pans, heavy-handed husbands, light-hearted kids. No wonder more than a fourth of all new homes have sinks of stainless steel. And their popularity is booming.

The look of luxury without tedious care is fast winning a place for stainless in prized pieces all over the house. Smart table settings, lustrous fruit bowls, slim-lined ash trays, even locksets for doors—all have earned the distinction of being stainless for years of carefree service.

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JAMES JEFFERSON KILPATRICK

What happened shouldn't have.

had another suggestion: close the public schools. And as the state began to do just that, establishing private "academies" from which Negro pupils could be legally barred, Kilpatrick cheered. "Let it stay that way," he wrote, after a high school in Front Royal, Va., shut its doors rather than obey a federal injunction to admit 22 Negroes.

Quite naturally, these and other Kilpatrick editorials found favor among those Southerners who are still fighting the Civil War. He has been reprinted in *The Citizen*, monthly organ of the South's rabid racist organization, the Citizens Councils of America. But in that growing part of the South that is at least resigned to the inevitability of change, Editor Kilpatrick has almost no defenders. Editor William Baggs of the Miami News, a strong voice of Southern moderation, calls Kilpatrick "a grits-eating Westbrook Pegler" and "an amusing antique" who serves a useful purpose: "He reminds me almost every day of the power and the glory of the U.S. Constitution." Kilpatrick's credo, says Nashville Tennessean Editor John Seigenthaler, seems to be "that nothing has happened in the past 100 years, and if it has, it shouldn't have."

Kilpatrick himself has sensed the winds of change. His book is less of an editorial rebel yell than a petulant plea to stop history's clock. The Negro "must do what every other race of men has done since time began, and that is to demonstrate his worth to the community he seeks to enter." The integrationist must "be patient; be tolerant of imperfection." The segregationist, whom Editor Kilpatrick once rallied so stoutly to the Confederate flag, must accept "tokenism"—two Negroes in one school, ten in another. And as for James Jackson Kilpatrick? "I'm sure this book is my last effort on the subject—at least for a long while. Frankly, the subject of segregation palls."



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high-fidelity music through your household wiring to...



any other room where you plug in this receiver speaker.

General Electric calls this new idea a Home Music Distribution System. It works like this:

The console has a tiny FM transmitter, which broadcasts through regular household wiring. The portable 8" speaker is a receiver with its own loudness and tone controls.

Simply plug the portable unit into any standard 110-volt outlet. You'll enjoy radio or phonograph music from the console in any room you choose.

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The Sutton, by the way, is a superb instrument in itself. It combines ten speakers with a full 100 watts of music power amplification. An FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner is standard. It comes in your choice of four authentic furniture styles—each in the appropriate genuine hardwood veneer.

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RELIGION

Best Seats in the House

Popes, like kings, have traditionally spoken of themselves in the first person plural—an arrogation that to many Protestants seems a sign of the issues that divide Catholicism from the rest of Christianity: the primacy of Rome, the doctrine of papal infallibility. When the non-Catholic Christian observers to the Second Vatican Council gathered in the Sistine Chapel for an audience with Pope John XXIII, they heard a rare and significant departure from form: the Pontiff pointedly referred to himself in the first person singular, and spoke with moving humility (see box). For the observers—some of them second-stringers appointed in the wary expectation that they would be mere bystanders—it was the high point of a week that showed clearly Pope John's intention to treat them as guests of honor.

Many of the observers were met at the airports by Dutch Monsignor Jan Willebrands, assistant to Augustin Cardinal Bea, the elderly Jesuit Biblical scholar who heads the Vatican's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. They were assigned choice *pensioni* close to the Vatican (at Vatican expense) and the best seats in St. Peter's at all sessions, including secret ones. Most impressive of all, the observers were given copies of the *Schemata*—the supersecret council agenda that has been seen by no one but the council fathers. "When I heard that they had the *Schemata*, I almost fell over," said an American monsignor. Replied Anglican Canon Bernard C. Pawley matter-of-factly: "If we didn't have the *Schemata*, how could we really understand what's going on here?"

Representing 17 churches and religious organizations, the observers encompass all major Christian groups except the Greek Orthodox, the fundamentalist sects and the Baptists.* Their churches range from the Russian Orthodox, which considers it-

* Although Dr. Joseph Jackson, president of the Negro National Baptist Convention U.S.A., intended to accept the personal invitation Pope John extended during an audience last year, the Baptist World Alliance decided not to send official observers.



COUNCIL OBSERVERS (BEHIND RAIL) IN ST. PETER'S
A thaw in 400 years of ice.

self part of the Catholic Church, to the Unitarian Universalist, which does not acknowledge the divinity of Jesus Christ. At his "family gathering" for the non-Catholics last week, Cardinal Bea asked the observers to "grant us complete confidence and tell us very frankly everything you dislike, to share with us your positive criticisms, your suggestions and your desires."

The observers so far liked everything—and particularly the thoughtfulness of the Pope. "When he spoke to the observers, did he sit on a throne?" asked Congregationalist alternate delegate-observer, Dr. George H. Williams. "No. He sat on a chair just like the ones we were sitting on. Pope John isn't setting himself up as someone above us. He is with us." The new atmosphere in Rome is, according to Anglican Pawley, "a thaw in 400 years of icy noncooperation and hostility."

Orthodox v. Reform in Israel

In searching for a place to celebrate *Sukkoth*, the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, Reform Rabbi Jerome Unger could hardly have picked a less hospitable nation than Israel. The town council of Kfar Shmaryahu, a coastal village north of Tel Aviv, refused to rent the town hall to Unger's congregation. Nearby resort hotels, threatened with the withdrawal of their vital Kosher certificates

by Orthodox rabbis, also turned him down. The congregation was relegated to a tabernacle in an empty lot, and held services by the light of the worshippers' automobiles. It took an Israeli Supreme Court ruling last week to assure Unger the use of the town hall for *Simchat Torah* (Rejoicing of the Law).

To U.S.-born Rabbi Unger, 32, such paradoxical problems are familiar, for he represents Reform Judaism in a country that is run by a strange partnership of agnostic secularists and letter-of-the-Talmud Orthodox rabbis. Premier David Ben-Gurion has a persisting intellectual interest in Buddhism, infrequently attends synagogue. But his parliamentary coalition is held together with votes from two religious parties, and he has been unable to prevent Orthodox Judaism from becoming the state religion of a country that is 40% agnostic.

Israeli laws reflect strict Orthodox observance of the dietary rules and of the Sabbath: neither Tel Aviv streetcars nor El Al jetliners begin a journey on Saturday. All religious matters from the location of synagogues to the laws of marriage and divorce are in the hands of the Orthodox rabbinate. In this atmosphere, there was no Reform congregation in Israel until 1957; now Unger assists three. Their services include some features that appall Orthodox rabbis: the seating of men and women is separate, women participate in the service organ music is used in violation of the Talmudic dictum against musical instruments. The objective is to practice Judaism in harmony with modern life and unbound by the detailed daily regimen of Talmudic laws.

Rabbi Unger's congregations usually call themselves Progressive rather than Reform; but the Orthodox rabbinate considers any liberal Judaism a divisive rath-er than a complementary force, and looks more kindly on Baptist missionaries. Says Minister of Religious Affairs Zerah Wahhaftig: "Our spiritual mainstays must be maintained in unadulterated form." Replies Unger: "The old generation had Zionism and the establishment of a Jewish

"IF YOU COULD READ MY HEART"

ON PAPAL POWER: Insofar as it concerns my humble person, I would not like to claim any special inspiration. I content myself with the sound doctrine which teaches that everything comes from God.

ON OPENING THE COUNCIL: My eye ranged over the multitude of sons and brothers and suddenly as my glance rested upon your group, on each of you personally, I drew a special comfort from your presence. I will not say

more about that at the moment but will content myself with recording the fact: *Benedictus Deus per singulos dies* [Blessed be God each day as it comes]. Yet, if you could read my heart, you would perhaps understand much more than words can say.

ON THE FUTURE: It is now for the Catholic Church to bend herself to her work with calmness and generosity. It is for you to observe her with renewed and friendly attention.



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state as their ideal. But to the younger generation, Israel is a fact. They are a generation in search of something. Liberal Judaism can channel that search in a purposeful and meaningful manner."

Buddhism in America

"While the Vatican Council in Rome is celebrating the eventual unity of all Christians, here in New York we are celebrating the essential unity of all man's religions," Unitarian Minister Donald Harrington told his congregation at Manhattan's Community Church last week. As Harrington completed his sermon, a prayer gong sounded, and a red-robed priest began to chant the ancient *Shishinrai*:

We reverently pay homage to the Eternal Buddha.

We reverently pay homage to the Eternal Dharma.

We reverently pay homage to the Eternal Sangha.

The Twelve Adorations were chanted and the Eight Paths of Righteousness explained. Sharing the platform were priests and scholars who had come from Japan to celebrate the 70th anniversary of Buddhism in the U.S.

Although last week's service was the first to be held in a Christian church, U.S. Buddhism owes part of its current health to some shrewd borrowing from U.S. Christianity. To hold their largely Japanese-American membership—which yearly becomes more American and less Japanese—most congregations are turning from Japanese to English in their services, call themselves churches rather than temples to avoid identification with the occult. Services are held on Sunday, although all days are holy to Buddhists. The Buddhist Church of Seattle sponsors a Boy Scout troop, a day nursery, a Sunday school and a drum and bugle corps.

A few years ago, West Coast beatniks and other intellectually unemployed seized upon Buddhism with all the enthusiasm some earlier orientalists had shown for mah-jongg. Their brief flings were mainly with the Zen sect, which concentrates on self-examination and is the most intellectual of the major Buddhist sects. But most Buddhists in the U.S., like Buddhists in Japan, belong to the Jodo Shinshu sect, which teaches that the Buddhist goal of cosmic enlightenment can be reached through faith in Amida Buddha, the Enlightened One of Infinite Life and Light. Of approximately 100,000 U.S. Buddhists, probably 80,000 are Shinshu. The sect operates 56 churches, concentrated on the West Coast but including a modernistic New York temple dedicated to the touring group.

With the faddists mostly gone, a small group of serious Occidentals continue to find a unique serenity in Buddhism and often are the most active members of a congregation. There is no proselytizing and no dogmatic version of creation and salvation. Says the Rev. Takashi Tsuji, director of Buddhist Education for the Buddhist Churches of America (Jodo Shinshu): "There are 84,000 paths to the summit of the hill."



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She has a way with glasses.

Wears them with dash.

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Fills them, to be specific, with the *dryest* martinis going-going—gone. Martinis made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

The gin that takes an additional, costly step to remove sweetness and perfumery—

turns a pale, crackling amber in the process.

Now, what did they say about girls who wear glasses never having any fun?

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MUSIC

Boost for Wagner

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg is a devilishly difficult opera to perform well. At the very least, Composer Richard Wagner wrote requirements for a *heldentenor* of exceptional stamina, and power enough to vault the massed forces of the Wagnerian orchestra, and a baritone of considerable theatrical skill to probe the complex character of Cobbler Hans Sachs, one of grand opera's most intriguing heroes. It can also benefit greatly from a well-drilled chorus and proper poetic settings. Last week an audience at the Metropolitan Opera House saw a *Meistersinger* that had all of these attributes and more. It was one of the most distinguished new Met productions in recent years.

Although it came in the first week of the Met's 78th season, *Meistersinger* was not the opener. For that occasion the Met chose Umberto Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, which is not a great opera—or even a very good one. *Chénier*, as General Manager Rudolf Bing candidly admitted, was the right length for an opener, and it had enough intermissions (three) to give first-nighters plenty of touring time in corridors, restaurant and lobbies. With Tenor Franco Corelli and Soprano Eileen Farrell in the lead roles, *Chénier* gave the audience an evening easy on the ears—and light on the emotions.

Caustic Caricature. *Meistersinger* was wholly different, from the very first notes of the theme of the mastersingers—the guild of vocalists in 16th century Nürnberg that the opera celebrates. Because *Meistersinger*, Wagner's only attempt at comedy, deals entirely with real people and with none of the composer's familiar Teutonic gods and goddesses, it demands more realistic stagecraft than most of the Wagnerian operas. Last week, the story of the knight Walther's love for the goldsmith's daughter Eva, and of how he won both her and the mastersingers' song con-



ALFRED STATTLER

SCENE FROM ACT II OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER"
Also one of the best riots the Met has seen.

test with the aid of Sachs, was unfolded with a dramatic skill not always observed on the Met's stage.

Soprano Ingrid Bjoner was generally first rate as shyly aggressive Eva. Bass Karl Doench was appropriately repellent as Beckmesser, the malevolent town clerk whom Wagner created as a caricature of one of his most caustic critics—Viennese Music Critic Eduard Hanslick. The chorus and extras were drilled with spectacular precision, creating at the end of Act II one of the most convincing pillow-throwing, hair-pulling riots a Met *Meistersinger* has ever seen.

Power to Spare. The real standouts, however, were Tenor Sandor Konya as Walther and Baritone Otto Wiener, who was making his Met debut in the role of Sachs. Hungarian-born Tenor Konya displayed a voice that had warmth, agility and power to spare; in his last act *Prize Song* he came as close as any man can to stopping a Wagnerian opera in its tracks. Baritone Wiener did not have a voice of flogging power, but he dominated the stage by sheer dramatic invention; he made Sachs a completely human figure.

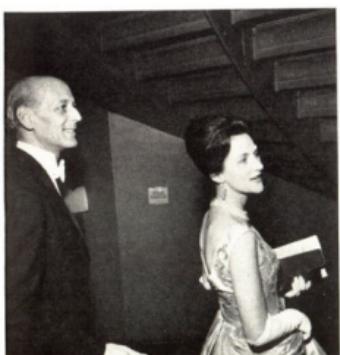
In one of the famous recent productions of *Die Meistersinger*—the one mounted by Wieland Wagner in Bayreuth in 1956—the tendency was to reduce realistic sets to a minimum. Last week's resplendent production, with sets and costumes by Designer Robert O'Hearn, took a different tack—and was far more successful. The soaring stone columns and arches of St. Catherine's Church in Act I looked enduringly solid—a far cry from the standard productions in which they

tend to flap and billow like a clothesline of wet wash. The steeply gabled gingerbread houses of Nürnberg in Act II looked as though they had been rooted to the Met's stage for a hundred years. Visually and vocally, *Die Meistersinger* was as successful a new production as the Met had offered since its still outstanding *Don Giovanni* of 1957.

The Spirit in Moscow

Moscow was reeling under the heaviest American cultural onslaught in its history. Within the space of only a few weeks, Bass Jerome Hines had launched a Russian tour from the stage of the Bolshoi, Igor Stravinsky had returned to his homeland, and George Balanchine had arrived with his New York City Ballet. Then, almost unheralded, the Robert Shaw Chorale turned up last week and outdid them all. At an opening concert at Tchaikovsky Conservatory, the 34-member chorale group scored a popular triumph like the likes of which Moscow had not seen since 1958, when Van Cliburn took over the town.

What made the chorale's success doubly surprising was the fact that Conductor Shaw made no compromise with his audience. He not only included *Friede auf Erden* by Composer Arnold Schoenberg, who is ideologically unacceptable in Russian musical circles, but he also scheduled a great deal of religious music, which is virtually never heard in Russian concert halls. Shaw, 46, was surprised by the Russians' fervent response. Said he: "You couldn't ask for anything more." Soviet Deputy Cultural Minister Alexander Kuznetsov offered a helpful explanation. "We Russians," said he, "also understand things of the spirit."



WALTER BARAN

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MODERN LIVING

THE MARKETPLACE

Revolt Among the Stampers

One day, 11,374 years ago, a flint-chipper named Og, whose wife had un-sympathetically thrown his collection of tiger teeth out of the cave, began giving one tiger tooth to anybody who bought two of his flints for ten clams. Soon Og found that he was selling flints by the bushel and running so low on tiger teeth that he had to get more—even if it meant hunting tigers. This was a nuisance and expensive; to cover the cost, he raised the price of his flints to 15 clams a pair. And to his astonishment, nobody seemed to care; they went right on buying his flints instead of the ones his competitor, Blug, was selling at the old price (until Blug began to give away tiger teeth too). Og is honored today as the inventor of the Premium and discoverer of the great Something-for-Nothing Syndrome.

These crude Stone Age beginnings, developed and glorified by U.S. know-how, have produced the trading stamp. Like Og's tiger teeth, trading stamps are a nuisance, and expensive for the retailer, but they give the housewife so much pleasure that she is willing to pay for it. First there is the sticky-tongued fun of pasting them in books and watching the books accumulate. Then there is the happy trip to the trading center with its shining array of treasures that seem to be free. And then the glow of self-congratulation at shrewd and prudent shopping.

Heating Pads & Houses. These warm feelings seem to have married the trading stamp to the U.S. economy for better or worse. Some 375 billion stamps will leave their glue on American tongues in 1962. They will be issued under about 300 different names, but 90% of them will come from one of the eight big stamp companies: S & H Green Stamps, Top Value, Plaid Stamps, Gold Bond, Frontier, Blue Chip, King Korn, Triple S. The goods for which they were redeemed in 1961 amounted to approximately \$800 million

worth (at list prices), and included 14% of the heating pads, 8% of the toasters and 4% of the coffeemakers sold in the U.S. Stamps may be issued along with any transaction—buying a toothbrush, a new car, a new house, opening a savings account. In a few sordid instances, passers have been inspired to issue stamps to Sunday churchgoers.

A Cancerous Practice. But around the nation, there are signs that the flood of stamps has reached its crest and is beginning to ebb. Biggest area of discontent is among filling-station operators. Unlike most retailers, who can pass the stamps' cost on to the consumer in higher prices, gas stations have a price-determined product and a low profit margin. For them, the stamp craze has become a nightmare.

"If someone gave me a bushel of stamps free, I'd stick them in a corner so they wouldn't dirty up my place," snorts Filling-Station Owner James E. Boka of Detroit, who gave up trading stamps and claims that his business has improved because he can now give better service. Executive Secretary John W. Nerlinger Jr. of the Petroleum Congress calls the stamps "a cancerous business practice." For every penny he spends for a stamp, he argues, the service-station owner must somehow "reduce the quality of his service or cut a corner in the back of the shop." Some filling-station men are joining forces in revolt. Thirty of them recently agreed to abandon stamps in the Denver suburb of Englewood, and in Buena Park near Los Angeles, a group of 70 stations has organized a stamp boycott. Most filling-station men, however, are still afraid to follow their example. "We'd like to get rid of the stamps," says the operator of a large Dallas service station. "But the stamp people come down the street and tell us they've sold the other stations on stamps, and they don't mind telling us they'll run us out of business if we don't use stamps too."

D Prices. The nationwide department-store chain, W. T. Grant, recently de-

cided that stamps were not worth the trouble, will cut off its stamp program early next year. Even in the food business, citadel of U.S. stamp-happiness, there are signs of incipient revolt. In some areas of the country, notably New England and the Midwest, a new phenomenon has arisen: the discount grocery, stripped to base essentials without gimmicks or stamps, like the 67,500-sq.-ft. Warehouse Market in Dallas. "Almost all the grocery stores in the country give stamps now," says Warehouse Market Manager Glenn Scribner, "but we can save our customers from 3% to 7% by not giving them, and we do a large volume of business."

Other discount groceries are affiliated with regular discount department stores. One of them, Consumers Mart of America, opened a full-sized grocery department in its new Chicago store three years ago, with no frills, no stamps, and prices about 15% below the supermarkets. Business has been so good that they have opened ten more in California, Illinois, Florida and Arizona. The National Tea Co., a chain of 600 stores that dispenses S & H Green Stamps, has opened 17 D (for discount) food stores in the Midwest within the last eight months. Says President Norman Stepton: "Our D prices are about 15% lower than our National Tea prices, and the public seems to love it."

FOOD & DRINK

Remembered Joy

More than 6,000,000 Americans are eating better today because one hired girl, almost 65 years ago, could not cook.

The hired girl could manage fairly well on plain things, but for one young St. Louis bride that was not enough. Irma Rombauer had sampled some of the pleasures of European cooking when her father served for several years as American consul in Bremen. In those turn-of-the-century days, directions for more exotic dishes were almost always in French, and began: "Make a white sauce, stir until ready." Or: "Simmer your leftover grouse for 36 hours and season to taste with duxelles." Irma Rombauer had no idea how to make a white sauce or what duxelles was—even her young lawyer husband, a longtime camper, could cook better than she could—but she set out to find out.

A Staple Like Salt. She begged what recipes she could from her family and methodically added to that basic list whatever could be garnered from gourmet columns of the day or pried out of restaurant chefs and neighboring hostesses. Aware that she did not possess the gift of cooking by instinct, she took care to note measures and ingredients in explicit detail, never said "some butter" when she meant 4½ tablespoons or "cook until done" when she could define "done" as taking 2½ hours. In 1931, when her children left home to get married, they took with them a compendium of mother's recipes which so dazzled her friends that they urged her to publish it privately. The experienced cooks received it with respect, and the beginners, to whom "bast-ing" was something done with a needle

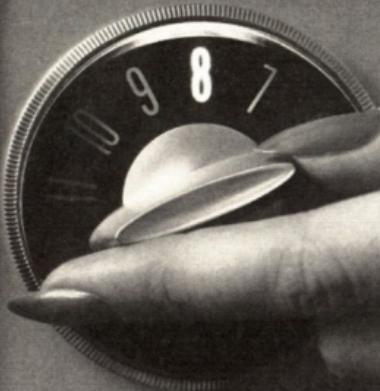


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and thread, were pathetically grateful. Bobbs-Merrill, equally impressed, brought it out publicly four years later. Since then, *The Joy of Cooking* has sold more than 6,000,000 copies to become the second largest-selling cookbook in the world⁴ and as familiar a staple in the American kitchen as salt.

Author Rombauer, widowed since her husband's death in 1930, became a celebrity of sorts. Fan mail, at the rate of 2,000 letters a day, streamed into her St. Louis home; the Cordon Bleu and London's Flower School brought out an English edition of *The Joy of Cooking*; the story goes that an eloping bride sent



MRS. IRMA ROMBAUER
From abalone to zwieback, well done.

her family a cable—AM MARRIED. ORDER ANNOUNCEMENTS. SEND ME ROMBAUER COOKBOOK AT ONCE.

Herbs in the Ozarks. Interested in art and opera, Mrs. Rombauer was conspicuous in nearly every cultural enterprise the city offered, served as president of St. Louis' Women's Symphony Society. Once a week she retired to her country cottage in the Ozarks, where she grew herbs and worked on revisions of her book; there she kept drinks and sauces on hand, but welcomed unannounced friends for dinner only if they arrived with staples in hand.

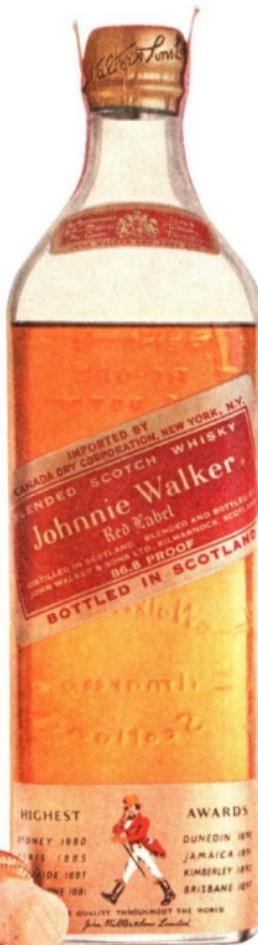
Eight years ago, a stroke curtailed her activities and impaired her speech. She took to her bed in her city apartment, where a staff of four Negro maids attended her, prepared the new dishes she devised, and brought them to her for tasting and correction. Last week, at the age of 83, Irma Rombauer died, leaving two children, two grandchildren, and legions of cooks to whom her book was—and is—the kitchen bible.

© No. 1: *The Better Homes and Gardens Cook Book*, now looseleaf and four-color illustrated, which has sold some 8,600,000 copies since its first edition was published in 1930.

High.



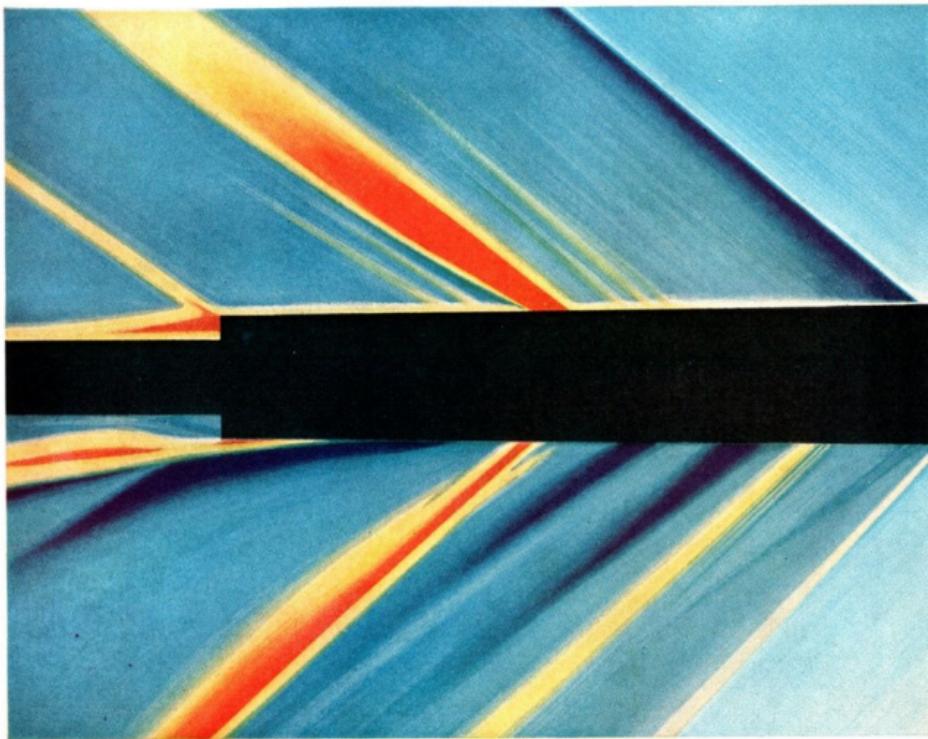
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Painting adapted from a photograph taken in a Douglas supersonic wind tunnel.

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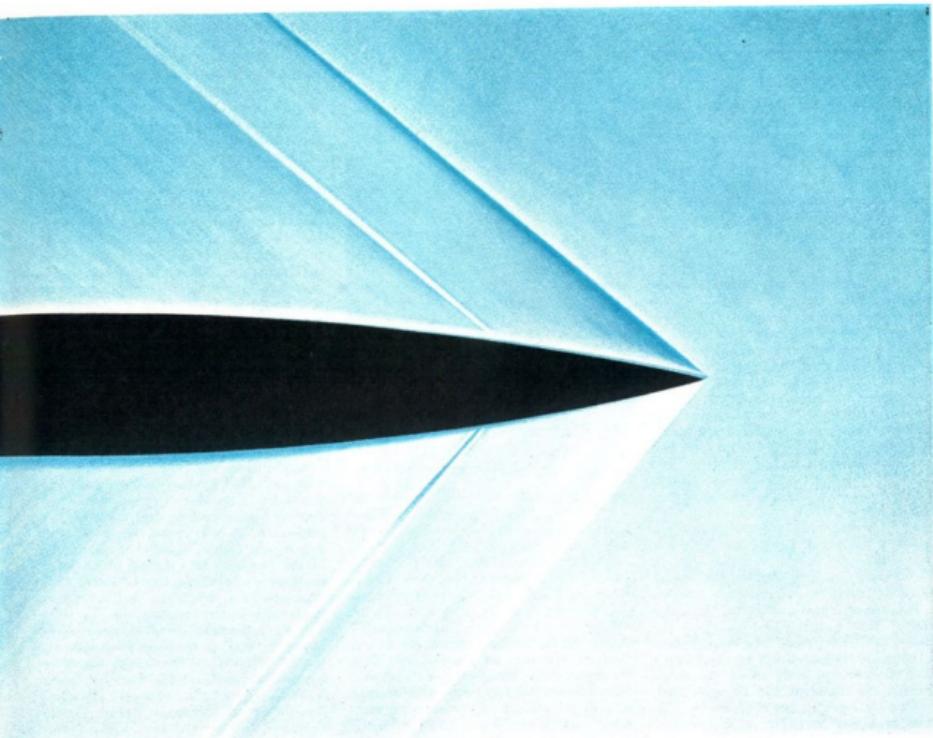
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ART

Scent of Scandal

All week long, Ottawa crowds poured into the National Gallery of Canada, and the gist of what they demanded was: take me to your fakes. The show of paintings from the collection of Walter P. Chrysler Jr. had proved unpredictably popular, but for all the wrong reasons. Between 60 and 70 of the 187 paintings in the exhibition were under critical indictment as phony—a scandal so big as to strike at the confidence that the art market is founded on.

Collector Chrysler had put on this same exhibition last summer in his own museum, a converted Methodist church in Provincetown, Mass. There the doubtful bona fides of many paintings won a scowl of worried if secret disapproval from the Art Dealers Association of America. The association had been formed early this year by a group of top Manhattan dealers to protect the public against shoddy practices and shady dealers; this was its first big occasion to act. Unobtrusively, the association got its able counsel, Ralph Colin, to try to warn Canadian art officials that the show, which was scheduled to go from Provincetown to Ottawa, was potentially damaging. The National Gallery of Canada put on the show anyway, in effect threw its own prestige behind the Chrysler paintings.

A Case of Ingestion. Lawyer Colin also alerted John Canaday, art editor of the New York Times, who had given the show a rhapsodic review when it was on display in Provincetown. Only when the story seemed ripe to break did Canaday rush to Ottawa to review the show again. This time he echoed what the association had been saying all along, explained his goof of last summer as being due to the intoxicating air of Cape Cod and "the ingestion of seafood platters." Now the curious story began to unfold in public, and the Chrysler catalogue itself became a kind of classic.

A more bizarre assemblage of omissions, misspellings and mysterious documentation could hardly be imagined. While the catalogue devoted paragraphs to the pedigrees of Chrysler's many acknowledged masterpieces—when they were painted, what collectors had owned them, when and where they had been sold, and what scholarly publications had mentioned or reproduced them—scores of paintings simply had a couple of lines giving date and gallery of purchase. A few of these paintings came from Manhattan Dealer Harry B. Yotnakparian, who simply let Chrysler make whatever attribution he wanted to on the assumption that a collector of such experience would surely know what he was doing. The vast majority of suspect paintings came from another Manhattan dealer named Joly Hartert.

"The Best Publicity." But often, when the catalogue said more, confusion reigned. A Hartert Redon was said to have been owned by A. Giez Delius, but a Hartert Vlaminck was listed as having belonged to



MARVIN A. LAZARUS
CHRYSLER & DUBIOUS DEGAS
Said the crowds: take me to your fakes.

F. Delius Giese. Three Seurats were listed as having been bought at Paris' municipal auction in 1949, but the Paris art world has no memory of this important sale.

Dealers Yotnakparian and Hartert in effect made no defense that the paintings were authentic. "We don't sell paintings 'by' anyone," said Yotnakparian blandly. "We sold the paintings as 'attributed to.' A lawyer for Hartert described him as "one of the few art dealers who have no pretensions. He guarantees nothing." Chrysler himself apparently fell into the trap by a dogmatic but sometimes erroneous faith in his own taste and judgment.

In Ottawa, a member of Parliament demanded to know whether the government should not make an investigation of its own, in view of the fact that the National Gallery had so deeply committed itself to the Chrysler exhibit. At the gallery, goaded Director Charles Comfort sought what comfort he could in denouncing the American charges and in celebrating Ottawa's sudden new interest in art. Said he bravely: "We expect we will have even bigger crowds. This is the best publicity we could possibly use."

Grace Notes

The great painters of the Renaissance looked upon drawings with particular affection; they exchanged them with fellow artists as a mark of respect. Their students pored over them for clues to their secrets, for almost nothing else told so much about how they built up their compositions or what sort of scene or gesture would catch

the eye and cry out for immediate recording. But they were not only blueprints; they were often masterpieces in themselves. Leonardo's *Leda* (see opposite page) almost bursts out of her paper world; a landscape by Rembrandt sweeps up the eye, leads it to fill in details where the artist left only hints.

These drawings are two of more than 3,000 that make up the collection of the Dukes of Devonshire, one of the best in private hands. This week 114 choice samples from the collection will make their U.S. debut at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. The present Duke of Devonshire, No. 11 in the line, is expected to take time off from his duties as a Minister of State in his uncle-in-law's government to attend the opening. But even without this Grace note the affair would be a major one, for such treasures, so vulnerable to exposure, can only rarely be seen. When the exhibition leaves Washington, it will tour six U.S. and Canadian cities before returning to Chatsworth in Derbyshire, stately home of the Dukes of Devonshire.

Bold Buyer. The bulk of the collection was assembled by the second duke, who succeeded to the title in 1707 and was, according to one contemporary account, "a gentleman of very good sense, a bold orator, and zealous assertor of the liberty of the people." An example of his very good sense was his purchase of Rembrandt drawings in a day when that titan was temporarily out of fashion.

In 1733, the duke scored a coup by buying more than 200 drawings from the collection of Nicolaes Flinck, the son of a Rembrandt pupil. He also beat out Louis XIV in purchasing a volume of drawings that the French Landscape Painter Claude Lorrain had done as a record of his own paintings.

Historian's Notes. The drawings tell interesting tales of art history. Correggio's *Two Putti* and two companion studies furnish proof that he was responsible for conceiving the decoration in an arch in Parma's church of St. John the Evangelist. *Two Studies of a Man Suspended by his Leg* was Andrea del Sarto's preparation for an unappetizing commission: a painting for public display of some traitors who were to be shown, according to custom, hanging by one leg. One feature of the collection is a number of scenery designs done by Inigo Jones; some still have the daubs of paint dripped by careless scenery painters nearly three centuries ago.

Whether done as studies or for their own sake, all the drawings are strangely affecting. Leonardo's *Leda*—possibly a study for the painting that has been lost—has a sensual rhythm not often revealed by Leonardo. Rembrandt's landscapes and village scenes are masterful mixtures of meticulousness and freedom. Holbein could almost carve with his crayon, and Rubens, with his delicate and flowing line, could transform an act of drudgery into an act of grace. Somehow, the workings of genius are never more clear than in drawings of the quality of the collection at Chatsworth.

Degas, Hilaire Germain Edgar
Paris 1854-Paris 1917

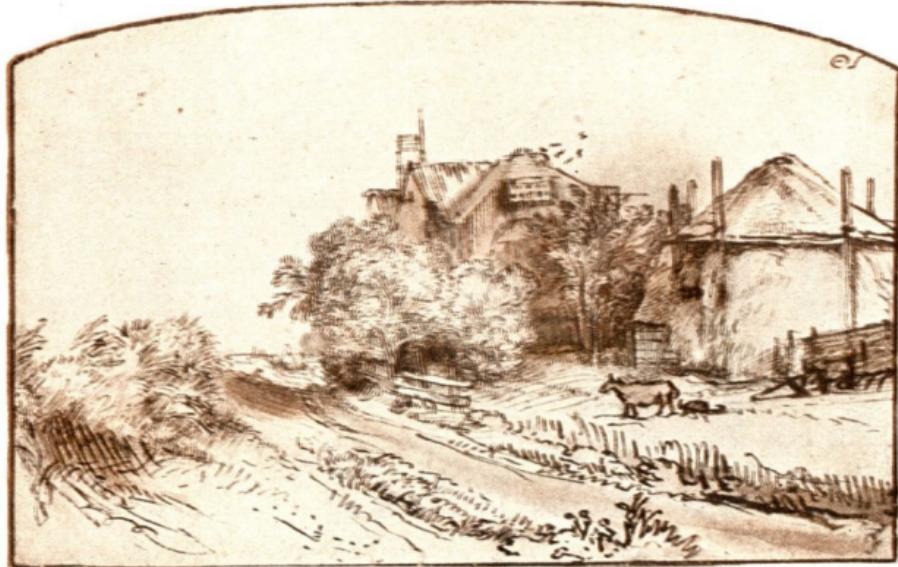
Portrait of Suzanne Valadon, oil on canvas, 36 x 32½ inches, upright, dated lower right: '85', signed lower right: "Degas".
From: Hartert Galleries, New York, 1962.

OLD MASTER DRAWINGS IN WASHINGTON

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S *Leda and the Swan*, only 6 1/4 by 5 1/4 in., is one of rarest in Britain's Chatsworth Collection now at Washington's National Gallery.



REMBRANDT'S *Farm with a Dovecote and a Hayrick* shows his pen and ink technique and his careful attention to detail close to that in his etchings.



SPORT

Pflugerville über Alles

To the German-descended citizens of Pflugerville, Texas (pop.: 400), the most important things in life, in approximate order, are chores, church and football. White-faced cattle graze on Pflugerville's gently rolling farms, and snowy cotton flourishes in the rich Blacklands soil. On the Sabbath, almost the whole town turns out at the Lutheran church. But Friday is football day, and then placid Pflugerville twangs with tension. Each time the high school's Pflugerville Panthers take the field, they carry with them the winningest record in schoolboy football. In 52 straight games, stretching back to 1957, Pflugerville High is unbeaten and untied.

Technically the Panthers play class-B ball—not in the same league as the class-AAA juggernauts from the big-city schools in Dallas. But to the 1,000 or more fiercely partisan fans who cram old Fritz Pflug's renovated cow pasture for each home game, they seem as good as the pros. Since 1958 they have scored 2,073 points to the opposition's 223, and it looks as if it may be Pflugerville *über alles* forever. Toddlers practice cross-body blocks under the goal posts while the high-schoolers pummel their opponents on the field. Fourth-graders get written permission from their mothers to play tackle football, and organized competition begins in the fifth grade. The junior high school team has not lost a game since 1956.

Minor Scandal. By the time the youngsters get to high school, they are fully indoctrinated. There are only 40 boys in school—and all but nine suit up for the team. Seven do not play because they are ineligible, one because he is team manager, and one because his parents won't let him. In football-fanatic Pflugerville, this is a scandal. "We think it's terrible," says Coach Charles Kuempel, 30. "While the other boys are playing football, he's in the study hall—with girls."

Except for 17-year-old Quarterback Jo-

seph Weiss, who stands 6 ft. 4 in. and tips the scales at an even 200 lbs., most Panthers look like refugees from the Pop Warner League. Joe's cousin, Willard Hebbe, who plays slotback, weighs 135 lbs. Freshman Lineman Danny Steger has seen action in three of the Panthers' five games this season; he weighs 90 lbs. Says the Rev. Wilson Hill, pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church, who doubles as spotter at Panther games: "There's something in these Pflugerville boys that makes them want to make contact."

Milk & Eggs. Whatever that something is, it has a powerful effect. So far this season, the Panthers have outscored their cowed opponents, 264 to 24, have yet to come within four touchdowns of defeat. Fortnight ago, after Pflugerville polished off Burton, 45-6, a big-city sportswriter stormed into the Panther dressing room. "What the hell makes you boys win like you do?" he demanded. The Panthers silently mulled that one over. "Milk and eggs?" one player finally ventured. Corrected a rival coach: "I'd say it was more likely raw meat and gunpowder."

Rookies & Lightweights

Act 3. Scene 3, two out, last of the ninth. Score: Yankees 1, Giants 0. As 43,948 spectators and 20 million TV fans hold their breaths, the Giants' Matty Alou dances boldly down the third-base line. Willie Mays grabs a handful of dirt and edges away from second. Yankee Pitcher Ralph Terry peers nervously at Batter Willie McCovey. A single means the ball game. Terry throws. McCovey swings. Crack! Second Baseman Bobby Richardson flings out his glove. Plunk. Joy, sorrow, delirium, despair—and cut to razor-blade commercial. For the 26th time in 27 tries, the New York Yankees are the world champions of baseball, richer by something like \$1,000 per man.

Off to the Doctor. Last week's rain-washed World Series ended with a genuine bang, but as series go, it had more



TRESH SPEARING MAY'S DRIVE
With muscles suddenly discovered.

than its share of fizzles. "I don't have a damn thing to say about anything," snarled Yankee Mickey Mantle, who tried so hard to blast the ball into the bleachers that he rarely got it out of the infield, wound up pounding the ground in frustration over his .120 batting average. "I'm gonna go see a doctor," confided San Francisco's weary Willie Mays, who drove in 121 runs during the regular season, only one during the World Series. Yankee Slugger Roger Maris managed just five hits in 23 trips to the plate; the Giants' Baby Bull Orlando Cepeda was 0 for 12 at one point, wound up with a minuscule .158 average. The whole Yankee team batted .109, the Giants hit .226, and both clubs together collected only 93 base hits—a record low for a seven-game series. Strike-outs: 72, a record high.

What heroics the two teams generated came from the lightweights and rookies, who suddenly discovered muscles they hardly knew existed. "That wasn't my best shot—I still have a little in reserve," insisted the Giants' 175-lb. Second Baseman Chuck Hiller, after he sent Rightfielder Maris back to the wall for a 296-ft. drive in the third game. Sportswriters snickered; Hiller shrugged. Next day, with the bases loaded in the seventh inning, Hiller clouted a hanging curve deep into Yankee Stadium's rightfield stands for the first series grand slam ever hit by a National Leaguer. The homer tied the series at two games each—only to be untied next time around by New York's Tom Tresh, 24, everyone's choice for Rookie-of-the-Year and the only Yankee who batted over .300. Son of a onetime Chicago White Sox catcher, Leftfielder Tresh came to bat in the eighth inning with the score tied 2-2, and smashed a three-run homer. Said Mickey Mantle with a wry smile: "Gee, it must be nice to hit a homer in the series." Added the man who has hit more (14) over the years



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With raw meat and gunpowder.

Enjoy Life with Miller High Life

SAME GOOD TASTE EVERYWHERE

BECAUSE IT'S BREWED ONLY IN MILWAUKEE

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than anybody except Babe Ruth. "I wish some day I could."

Champagne Shampoos. But Mickey could not, and neither could most of his companions in the upper-income brackets. As the pitchers continued to fog them past the floundering stars, the Giants stretched it out to seven games on a baffling three-hitter by balding Billy Pierce. Then, in the finale, the Giants themselves were handicapped by the Yankees' Terry, who retired the first 17 Giants that faced him. When he needed help, who did he get it from? Tom Tresh, naturally, with a running, lunging backhand catch in the left field corner (where the TV cameras could not catch it) to rob Willie Mays of an extra base hit. All that Yankee batters could scratch out was one run on two singles (one of them by Tresh), a walk and a double play. But that was enough. After the final hair-raising out, the victorious Yankees scooted into the dressing room for their yearly champagne shampoos—all except Rookie Tresh. Fleeting the party, he zoomed out to the airport and hopped a plane back to his senior-year classes at Central Michigan University.

Who Won

► Kelso, Horse of the Year in 1960 and 1961, considered by many U.S. horsemen to be the best thoroughbred since Man o' War; the \$108,900 Jockey Club Gold Cup at New York's Belmont Park, for an unprecedented third year in a row, ridden by Jockey Ismael Valenzuela, who never had to use his whip. Mrs. Richard C. du Pont's five-year-old gelding breezed to an easy ten-length victory, covered the two miles in 3 min. 19 1/2 sec.—breaking Nashua's track record. Kelso's \$70,785 winner's purse ran his lifetime earnings to \$938,380—sixth highest total in U.S. racing history, and the all-time high for a gelding.

► Underdog Pittsburgh, roundly beaten by West Virginia (15-8) a week ago: a stirring 8-6 upset of unbeaten, high-ranked U.C.L.A. An improvised two-point conversion pass from Quarterback Jim Traficant to Fullback Rick Leeson provided the margin of victory. The week saw more than its share of upsets: Colgate stunned undefeated Princeton, 16-15; Auburn downed Georgia Tech, 17-14; Oklahoma beat Kansas, 13-7; and Northwestern spotted Ohio State a 14-0 lead, stormed back to win, 18-14.

► Walt Alston, 50, another one-year, \$42,000 contract to manage the National League's not-quite-victorious Los Angeles Dodgers. While the World Series was delayed by rain, idle sportswriters amused themselves by speculating that the job would go to Leo ("The Lip") Durocher, who insisted that the Bums would not have kicked the pennant away to the Giants had he been boss. But General Manager Buzzy Bavasi decided to stick with mild, long-suffering Alston, and he in turn let on that Durocher could come back too, as a coach. Shrugged Bavasi: "If Alston can live with Leo that's fine with me."

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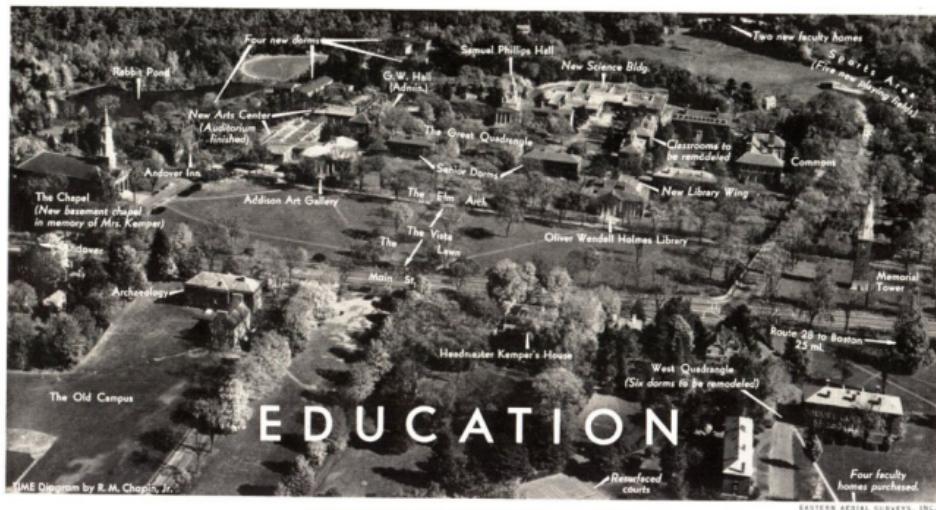


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enjoy
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PHILLIPS ACADEMY CAMPUS IN ANDOVER, MASS.
"But more especially to learn them the great end and real business of living."

Well Begun Is Half Done

[See Cover]

In the next two months, some 1,400 teen-age boys and their parents all over the U.S. will tremulously collect the credentials—IQ scores, grades, test results, recommendations, interviews—needed to apply for admission to what they are sure is the nation's best prep school: Massachusetts' Andover. Many applications will come from Eastern boys with good primary education and some wealth and social standing. But not all. Even now, Andover alumni are searching slums and back-country towns for bright boys who may have little money and position but who "need" Andover. Recruiters are grilling newspaper circulation managers for the names of deserving paper boys, asking forest rangers to suggest suitable rural applicants, checking big-city youth clubs for promising kids—and then helping the boys apply.

By Jan. 15 all of the applicants, rich and poor, will be listed on a big chart in Andover's admissions office. Studying each boy's credentials, three facultymen and an admissions director, working individually, will grade the applicant from 1 to 5, with 5 representing total disapproval. The four grades will be added (and a helpful three points will be subtracted from the totals of sons of Andover alumni). About one fifth of the boys—that is, those with low totals—will be accepted. The rest will be turned down.

Then, and only then, will Andover consider whether the applicant has the \$1,800 a year that going there costs. Probably three-fourths of the boys will be able to pay full freight. For the rest, rich Andover will dip into its pockets for scholarships and loans tailored to the

boys' needs. Thus will be formed the group of next year's new boys at a school that aims by intensity and excellence to be No. 1 in the U.S.®

The Way to College. The increasingly competitive admissions crush at Andover does not mean that public schools are being abandoned: only 2-3% of U.S. schoolchildren go to the nation's 2,400 independent schools (more than half of them day schools). But within that fraction there is room for much experimentation, pacesetting, quality and growth. In Florida and Colorado, the number of independent schools has doubled in five years. In Manhattan, some schools have to turn down eight out of nine applicants.

The big spur toward private schooling is getting into college. The country's 17,088 independent secondary schools, with an enrollment of about 250,000, send 95% of their graduates to college, against 40% from public schools. This faith in private schools is chiefly rooted in their freedom. They can select better students. They can pay teachers by merit, make innovations, borrow ideas from anywhere. On every score they can outpace all but a few crack public schools.

Chaufer at Groton. Until recently, pace was not the pride of many famed New England boys' boarding schools, which for years had the pretense but not the product of Eton and Harrow. Now

most of the successful applicants will have a top school record, a tested IQ above 125, an average score in the 90th percentile on Secondary School Admission Tests. In rejecting 50% of its applicants (including more than half of alumni sons), Andover finds that the least successful are the poorest: poor boys often go to poor schools and do badly on tests. Only 16% of U.S. families have incomes above \$10,000 but 43% of Andover's scholarship applicants are in that category.

they have changed dramatically. By snubbing *Social Register* dullards and by combing the country for bright recruits of all races, religions and incomes, they are fast becoming more democratic than homogeneous suburban public schools. "The idea that private schools are for snobs is absolute nonsense," says Owen B. Kiernan, Massachusetts commissioner of education. A few Junes ago, one proper Bostonian summed up: "Today my daughter graduates from Foxcroft. Tomorrow my chauffeur's son graduates from Groton."

All this portends something new: "the national public school." Such is the goal of John Mason Kemper, 50, headmaster of Phillips Academy, which is more popularly known, from the name of its home town, as Andover. The definition comes close to fitting both Andover, the nation's oldest (1780) incorporated school, and its younger (1781) brother: Phillips Exeter Academy, 25 miles away in Exeter, N.H. More than any other U.S. prep schools, they fulfill the dream with which they began: to be "ever equally open to youth of requisite qualifications from every quarter."

Andover (846 boys) and Exeter (760) are the biggest nonmilitary boarding schools in the U.S. They are already national: Andover has boys from 44 states, Exeter from 42. They try to be public by breaking down the barriers of tuition, by striving to find poor boys with rich minds. Yet because they retain high standards and cannot open their doors to everyone, they remain elite schools for gifted boys of a sturdy, stable kind.

Lucky Me? These ideals and necessary compromises are the day-to-day concern of John Kemper, who entered the prep school world not as an Old Boy but as a

West Pointer and professional soldier. Those were strikes against him in 1947, when the trustees plucked him out of the Army at 35 to become Andover's eleventh headmaster. As it turned out, Kemper's gifts for hard analysis and easy leadership galvanized Andover. Today, Harvard College's Dean John Monroe calls Kemper "one of the really great headmasters."

Like Exeter's Principal William Gurdon Saltonstall, whom he calls "a fast friend and a mortal competitor," Kemper is the first to ask whether his school is using its wealth wisely. The last thing he wants Andover to be is a shoehorn to slip grade-gutters into prestige colleges. He worries about the lucky-me attitude that afflicts many Andover boys. He wonders how to teach them a sense of humanity and public service. He wants the school to serve. "We should be identified with public schools," he says. "Our job is to be available to anyone who wants to use us. We must be of service."

College Campus. In trying to serve, Kemper has vastly improved his school. With 436 acres and 130 buildings, it has more students than half the nation's four-year colleges. Its \$80,000-volume Oliver Wendell Holmes Library tops three-fifths of all college libraries. Its Addison Gallery of American Art, with works from Homer to Hopper, would do a sizable city proud. Its 85-man faculty is superior to most college faculties, and some teachers get paid more—up to \$12,000, plus fringe benefits that add as much as \$3,000.

Andover is such big business that its budget this year hit a record \$3,000,000, including \$3,000 for athletic tape, \$80,000 for mowing and planting the grounds, \$210,000 for food and \$77,690 for instruction. The school is bursting with new construction: four elegant dormitories, a breathtaking science building, a revolutionary creative arts center—all the result of a recent drive that stirred parents and

alumni to cough up \$6,763,070 in just 22 months, breaking all records for independent school fund raising.

College Courses. The school's endowment is \$25.5 million (book value), which is why it can hand out scholarships freely. This fall 28% of the student body is down for \$260,000 in aid, including such all-out help as full tuition for the son of a coal miner with a yearly income of \$1,975. Even those who pay the full \$1,800, which is low for top schools, are in a sense on scholarship. Andover spends \$3,400 a year on each boy.

Andover boys tend to measure this gift in one word: college. In 1951, Andover's courses were already so collegiate that John Kemper spurred Andover, Exeter and Lawrenceville to join Harvard, Yale and Princeton in setting up the nationwide (1,358 schools this year) Advanced Placement Program. Now 50% of Andover boys take college courses, from calculus to philosophy. Of 208 boys going to 30 colleges this fall, Harvard took 42, Yale 39, Stanford 20, Columbia 12, Princeton 11. Of 115 new students that Harvard accepted this year as sophomores, 20 were Andover graduates. The average Andover graduate, say College Board President Frank H. Bowles, "could enter the junior year in a great many colleges without risk of failure."

Authors & Vegetarians. Andover and Exeter, plus some subsequent Ivy, produce a rich pattern of graduates. Exeter has one President (Franklin Pierce) and ten Cabinet members, from Daniel Webster to Henry Mornenthal Jr. Andover boasts a Supreme Court Justice (William H. Moody) and two Cabinet members, including Henry L. Stimson.

Exeter's diverse writers include Booth Tarkington, Robert Benchley, Drew Pearson. Andover's are Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Lardner, Quentin Reynolds, John Horne Burns, James Ramsay Ullman and the much-read Dr. Benjamin Spock. Most famous nongrad is Andover's Humphrey Bogart, who got the boot for "incontrollably high spirits" (he dunked a teacher in Rabbit Pond) and spent his life boasting about it.

In the *Dictionary of American Biography*, Andover's roll call tops all schools except Boston Latin, the oldest (1635) U.S. public school, with Exeter coming in third. In the 1957 *Who's Who*, Andover counted over 400 names, more than any other prep school. The 1962 *Who's Who* adds 40 new Andover names; the biggest contingent is seven Foreign Service career men, along with the mayor of Memphis, the editor of *The Commonwealth*, and the president of the International Vegetarian Union.

The Real Business. Andover's founder was Samuel Phillips Jr., a good Calvinist who began to worry about the country's "decay of virtue, public and private" around the time he nearly blew himself up making powder for the Continental Army. To head off decay, the 26-year-old Phillips got his father and uncle to give cash for a school to teach boys "English and Latin Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, and those Sciences wherein

they are commonly taught, but more especially to learn them the great end and real business of living."

Principal Eliphilet ("Elephant") Pearson learned them just that when he opened the school with 13 boys shortly before George Washington marched out of Valley Forge. A hefty Harvardman, Tyrant Pearson ruled by rod and God. His awed charges, including Josiah Quincy, 6, a future Harvard president, paid \$10 a year and toiled from dawn to dusk. On the school seal, Paul Revere engraved *Finis Origine Pendet*, a Calvinistic commercial meaning: "One's end depends on one's origin." More hopefully, Phillips took it to mean: "Well begun is half done." George Washington thought so well of the school that he sent his favorite nephew and eight grandnephews, and in 1789 addressed the student body on horseback.

Equally impressed was Samuel's Uncle John Phillips, a sometime preacher turned moneylender (at 15%), who founded the second Phillips in his own town of Exeter, N.H. Andover was soon awash with Lees of Virginia, New England Quincys, Lowell's, Longfellows. Samuel F. B. Morse arrived at eight and ran away. Many a poor farm boy walked 50 miles carrying his suitcase and a headful of Greek grammar to enter the best school around.

In 1808 Pearson helped launch Andover Theological Seminary, which soon turned town and gown into what Student Oliver Wendell Holmes (1825) called "the very dove's nest of Puritan faith." Great preachers flocked there; on Andover Hill was written *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. Shunning Unitarian Harvard, the school became such a solid Yale "feeder" that in the 1920s Andover men comprised 10% of many a Yale class.

Headed for Hell. For 184 years, strong rulers have built Andover. The pious John Adams (a relative of both Presidents)



SALTONSTALL & STUDENTS
A man stands alone...



KEMPER & STUDENTS
... on marks and muscles.

GOAL: "A DECENT GUY WHEN YOU'RE DONE"

GOOD prep schools have in common one audacious aim: to be parent and teacher at the same time. To handle the parental role, they stress sports, discipline, manners, religion and democracy. To teach well, they accent intimate learning in classes that average nine students compared with the public school average of 28. Avoiding distractions, they generally offer spartan living on spacious, tradition-encrusted campuses, most of them in the Northeast. Despite these uniform methods, the schools that operate 24 hours a day come in all shapes and sizes:

Big (519 boys) **Deerfield** has the last of the strong headmasters, shaping a school in his own image: Frank L. Boyden, 83. He runs the school without speed-up courses or language labs, does not publish a catalogue or even a rule book. The "Little Fellow" (5 ft. 6 in.) calls himself "country sort of person who likes boys," is famous for second chances: "If a boy needs to be expelled, he needs even more to stay here." Even bigger (630) **Lawrenceville**, in New Jersey, tackles size with a house system that keeps same-age students together for eating, sleeping, studying. Tuition hits \$3,000 a

year, but boys easily slide into Princeton, where Lawrenceville has more freshmen than any other school. Bigness is solved at Indiana's **Culver Military Academy** (840 boys), now a top-kick prep school, by insisting that "discipline is essential to the learning process."

Staying small is the idea at **Groton**, which is far less snobbish than people think. Episcopal Groton, which schooled F.D.R., has 34 teachers for 229 boys (including three Negroes). Seniors supervise younger boys. All sleep in dormitory cubicles, wash in plastic (once tin) basins, the legacy of Founder Endicott Peabody's muscular Christianity. "The important thing is not training a boy's brain," says Groton's headmaster, the Rev. John Crocker. "It's having a decent guy when you're done."

The so-called "St. Grottlesex" schools are supposedly ultra-swank as well as churchy (Episcopal). Yet **Kent** treats its 292 boys like poverty-vowing lay brothers. They make beds, wait tables, scrub floors, do K.P., and the consequent saving is

○ St. Paul's, Saint Mark's, St. George's, Groton, Kent, Middlesex.

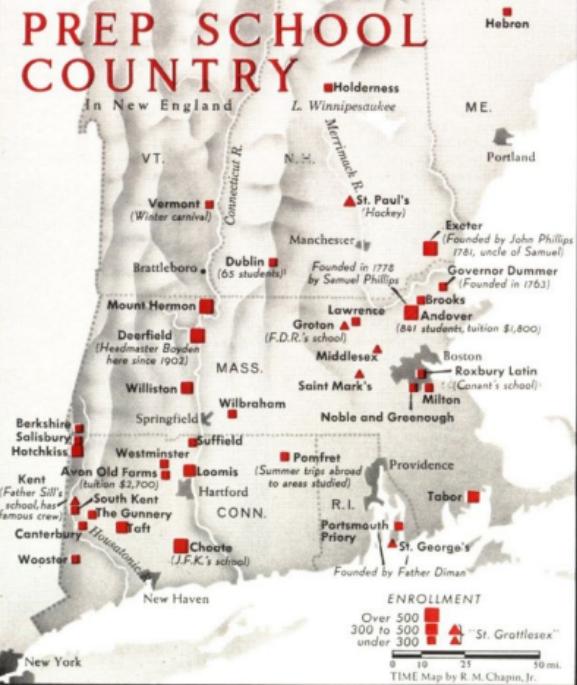
passed on in the form of sliding-scale tuition. Despite its monasticism, Kent recently opened a "coordinate" school for 200 girls, who even attend some classes with boys.

That idea is old at the two **Milton Academies** (291 boys, 181 girls), whose blueblood alumni include Cabots, Saltonstalls and a Kennedy (Bobby). The fact that John F. Kennedy went to **Choate**, where the class of '35 voted him "most likely to succeed," helped deluge that already top school last year with a record 2,400 inquiries for 155 places. Other Choate alumni: Adlai Stevenson, *Weatherly* Skipper Bus Moshacher. Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner. Novelist John Dos Passos, Playwright Edward Albee (*see THEATER*).

Top-ranked Roman Catholic prep school is **Portsmouth Priory** (220 boys), which aims not at Holy Cross or Notre Dame, but at Harvard, Yale, Princeton. New England-style prep schools are rare outside the East, but the best include Ohio's **Western Reserve** (235 boys), Colorado's **Fountain Valley**, California's **Cate**, which puts on classical drama in the original languages. California's **Thacher** shuns football but requires every boy to own and operate his own horse for two years. Top event there is a gymkhana featuring orange-spear-ing at full gallop. Equally important now: a summer program in math and astronautics. One smart crew of Thacher satellite trackers recently exposed an error in Russian data.

PREP SCHOOL COUNTRY

In New England



From Arabic to archaeology, nearly every school now boasts something special. At **Hotchkiss**, which still sends 25% of its graduates to Yale, the stress is on sound English and modern math. Each year some boys finish in the eleventh grade, go on for a year at an English school. Pennsylvania's **Hill** livens up humanities with a two-year course that correlates the art, music and literature of any one period. Science and philosophy go into a similar course for all seniors at **Loomis**, which is also strong on atmospheric science. **Pomfret** is particularly proud of intensive area studies, has sent students to Africa and India in the summer, on the ground, as one Pomfret teacher puts it, that "we can't just sit here on our hilltop." Upper-crusty, hockey-playing **St. Paul's** makes admirable use of the summer with a pioneering school for gifted New Hampshire public school students.

Exeter, though often mentioned in tandem with Andover, is significantly different. Exeter has put up only one new building in 30 years, but is richer (endowment: \$35.2 million, book value). It began actively recruiting poor boys long before Andover. Though it gives fewer scholarships to fewer students, it gives bigger ones, reaches deeper into low-income groups.

Next year Exeter's tuition will rise to

\$2,100, topping Andover's, partly because it spends more for instruction—it has fewer students per teacher. It also boasts more Westinghouse winners (twelve) than Andover, and this month it topped all U.S. schools in National Merit Scholarship finalists: 73 to Andover's 18.

Exeter's towering (6 ft. 4 in.) Principal William G. Saltonstall, 56, is not only a first-rate history teacher but also a noted athlete who won three varsity letters at Harvard. He still coaches Exeter teams most afternoons, looks from 50 yards like a 1962 All-American with prematurely white hair. Because he believes in "motherhood and the home," Saltonstall is reducing the number of younger boys at Exeter, took in only 90 juniors this year, against Andover's 140. The purpose: more maturity at Exeter and "more new blood." Though it is smaller than Andover, Exeter thus has the same number of seniors, last June sent its graduates to more (54) colleges, while also getting more (57) boys into Harvard.

Full of other ideas, Saltonstall believes that boys of different ages should live in the same dormitories; Andover does the opposite. Deeply concerned about public schools, Saltonstall helps out in every way he can. Exeter holds summer conferences for public school teachers, invites some to work in its classrooms for a year. To help improve New Hampshire public schools, Saltonstall serves on a study commission appointed by the Governor. It may jolt colleagues, but Saltonstall believes that, ultimately and ideally, "private schools should become obsolete."

Not all parents want or can afford to turn their teen-agers over to schools 24 hours a day, and their needs account for a boom in day schools. The country day kind can match a boarding school's big playing fields, gets just as many graduates into top colleges. Notable around Philadelphia are **Haverford** (802 boys), a good Main Line escalator to Princeton, and **Episcopal Academy** (742 boys), biggest Episcopal day school in the U.S. Philadelphia's Quakers support strong coed day schools, such as topnotch **German-town Friends** (enrollment: 725). The top Quaker boys' school is also a day school: Philadelphia's **William Penn Charter** (702 boys), one of the oldest (1689) and best schools in the U.S. Oldest private school of all (1638) is Manhattan's **Collegeiate** (395 boys), now famous for experiments in programmed learning. Oldest endowed school (1645): Boston's **Roxbury Latin** (205 boys), which rejected James B. Conant as headmaster just before Harvard accepted him as president. **St. Mark's School of Texas** (570 boys), which has cut off Andover's business in Dallas, was started by rich Texans for just that reason. To give their sons an Andover-level education without sending them away, they recently gave St. Mark's a remarkable science building that outdoes Andover's.

forbade dancing as well as Shakespeare, and regularly climbed a ladder to wind the clock in Bulfinch Hall, discoursing on its motto, "Youth is the seed-time of life," as the boys vainly awaited his fall. The zealous "Uncle Sam" Taylor (1837-71) was a total believer in "total depravity." "Robinson," he warned one 14-year-old, "you're on the direct road to hell. You're reading too many novels." Still, Taylor's boys, partly inspired by Faculty Wife Harriet Beecher (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*) Stowe, flocked to the Civil War, one of them becoming a major general at 25.

Shrewd, bearded Cecil F. P. Bancroft lifted Andover out of its classical rut, gave it a good faculty versed in modern science. In his time (1873-1901) Andover drew 9,000 boys from all over, including its first Negroes. "Banty's" boys began Andover's athletic rivalry with Exeter in 1878, winning in football 22-0. Andover has dominated since (42 games to 32 in all), even using halfbacks who charged the Exeter line singing Palestina motets.

Fabled Rages. Living alumni still shiver at the memory of lean, eagle-heaked Alfred E. Stearns, the devout, athletic zealot who ruled Andover for 30 years prior to 1933. Stearns hired the fabled Latinist George Hinman, who jabbed penknives into his wooden leg, chewed pencils in half, caromed erasers off thick skulls, and made students flush bad translations down the toilets. Yet it was also Stearns who steered Andover toward opulence. In 1908 he took over the seminary's buildings when that institution fell on bad times and slunk off to Harvard. He raised \$1,000,000 for teachers' salaries, and in the 1920s guided Thomas Cochran ('90), a Morgan partner, in spending more millions for new Georgian buildings that made Andover a showcase. "We're beaten," cried one Exeter teacher. "Exeter can never catch up."

But in the early 1930s, Philanthropist Edward S. Harkness crashed through with \$8,400,000 for Exeter. The money brought in 25 new teachers for small round-table seminars under the famed "Harkness Plan." Exeter's remodeled plant outshone Andover's for years.

Andover could not redress the balance in the Depression and war years of Headmaster Claude Moore Fuess, the veteran English teacher who preceded John Kemper. Instead, the scholarly Fuess (rhymes with peace) strengthened the curriculum, notably in science, history and fine arts, and lured brilliant scholars such as Clasicist Dudley Fitts.

Get the Colonel. When Fuess retired, the trustees saw that Andover needed even better administration. Trustee James Baxter III, then president of Williams College, had an inspiration. Like hundreds of other historians, Baxter had helped the wartime Army write its combat history. When the huge project began, the scholars were appalled to find themselves under the command of a handsome young Regular Army light-colonel, who looked 18 and was only 30. As it turned out, Colonel John Kemper handled his irregulars so adroitly that Baxter & Co. never forgot



WILL RAPPOR

STUDENTS AT EASE IN DORMITORY
No guy should just mope his way through.

his "fact, courage, imagination and rare administrative skill."

Baxter was sure that Kemper could run Andover. At first Kemper gulfawed. All he knew about Andover was that girls at nearby Abbot Academy, where his wife and his mother went, were once called "Fem-Sems" by Andover boys. For a career military man, his war had been cruelly pacific, but he had won the Legion of Merit twice and had high hopes for promotion.

Baxter kept talking, and in 1947 the peacetime Army began looking drabber. One day Kemper found himself being asked point-blank by Episcopal Bishop Henry W. Hobson, president of the board: "What do you think you could do for Andover if you were headmaster?" Said Kemper: "Isn't the question, Bishop, what I could get others to do with me to help the school?" Team Player Kemper got the job.

Officers & Ladies. "I never would have resigned had I known Korea was coming," says Kemper. "I loved the Army with a passion." Well he might, being descended from eleven straight Army generations going back to the Pequot Indian Wars. Kemper was born at Wyoming's Fort D. A. Russell, followed his officer-father from post to post, attending eight public schools from Texas to the Philippines.

"Father expected all of us to be officers and gentlemen," says Kemper, "which was hard for my sisters, but not for me." The colonel tried and failed to make Johnny a star athlete, but his upright New England mother made him something better. "He is a good man," says his sister Peg. "Anything cheap or second-rate has never been in his mind."

Hoofing & History. When it came time for West Point, lazy Student Kemper crammed hard, came out sixth in a field



STUDENTS HEADING FOR CLASSES AFTER CHAPEL IN COCHRAN CHURCH
The son of the coal miner gets a full scholarship.

WILL RAPPOR

of some 100 candidates for presidential appointment. At the Point, he was a good leader—manager of varsity lacrosse, superintendent of the post Sunday school, captain of his regiment and class president. He did well in history, a fact that counted later. An avid dancer, he hoisted in the annual *Hundredth Night Show*, loved to go out shagging with Peg at nearby Vassar.

His other girl was Sylvia Pratt, warm-spirited daughter of a noted Boston doctor, and Kemper married her soon after he graduated in 1935—132nd in a class of 275. A “sand-rat lieutenant,” he was soon running a cram school for getting enlisted men into West Point, did so well that in 1939 the Point yanked him out of the infantry to teach history. He dutifully earned a Columbia master’s degree in 1942 while itching to go to war. In its wisdom, the Army put him in G-2 with the prickly job of organizing U.S. historians to tell the big story.

A task for Talleyrand, the job involved Kemper in global negotiations with staff officers to get clearance to see generals to allow soldiers to speak to scholars—if they could or would. Result: twelve sound monographs produced by a 500-man team under command of a major general who, in the words of Historian Baxter, “treasured John Kemper as one would a jewel.”

Anything Goes. Today, no one agrees more with that praise than Andover’s teachers, who at first viewed *The Soldier* with dread. His West Point classmates are now rising major generals, but Colonel John Kemper, U.S. Army Reserve (ret.), has said goodbye to all that. The tweedy personification of a headmaster, even to his unexpected Harvard accent, Kemper gets a universal faculty compliment: “No man is fairer than Johnny.”

When they arrived, Sylvia Kemper proved to be the perfect headmaster’s wife. The mother of three girls, she made strenuous efforts to know Andover’s boys. She stood for hours in the frigid hockey

rink cheering on the team. She invited three boys to live at the house, had dozens of others in for “burgers and shakes.” Then in 1960 the Kempers learned that she had cancer.

Last year Kemper took Sylvia to England, where he studied Eton and Harrow in hopes of finding good ideas. Nothing much came of it, and in London Sylvia died. Now his daughters are grown and gone. He lives in the 153-year-old headmaster’s mansion alone with his mongrel dog—and keeps busy.

Sugar for Teachers. Headmaster Kemper began his Andover tenure by tackling men before mortar. He set up a cleanly defined faculty table of organization that banished one-man rule and got everyone into running the school. He appointed a faculty dean, veteran English Teacher



AFTER FOOTBALL
The balanced hero is in.

WILL RAPPOR

Alan R. Blackmer, and let department heads dominate hiring. He settled a long battle over Andover’s fraternities, which alumni favored and teachers opposed, by smoothly getting some influential alumni to support abolishing them. “The slickest operation you ever saw,” says one teacher.

Since 1955 the faculty pay budget has risen 60%. Included are three unique fellowships for beginning teachers. After a year, Andover sends them on to graduate school with grants of up to \$3,000. Should they return, which they need not, Kemper can offer seven-room apartments for housekeepers in Andover’s new dormitories. Teachers’ children, if accepted, can attend Andover for \$25 a year. In college, they get a yearly tuition grant of \$600. Teachers who stay get sabbatical years with full pay plus \$1,500 for travel. Dean Blackmer used his sabbatical last year as a “heretic in residence” in the Pittsburgh public schools, where he launched an Andover-style honors program that School Superintendent Calvin E. Gross calls “the most important thing I’ve been involved in.”

Bricks for Brains. In turn, John Kemper supplied stunning tools for teaching. The one-level science building (\$1.250,000) that opened this fall has three wings uniting physics, chemistry and biology. It has movable walls, three libraries, space for 43 private student projects.

Even more lavish is the new arts and communications center, a \$1,000,000 extension of the Addison Gallery that opens this month. It includes studios for painting, sculpture, woodworking, photography. The 286-seat auditorium has a screen big enough for projecting three images at once, a tool for teaching comparative art. If a teacher wants slide tapes or sound tapes, the center will make them, provide viewing and listening booths for students. All manner of audio-visual props will be produced, and public schools are welcome to use them.

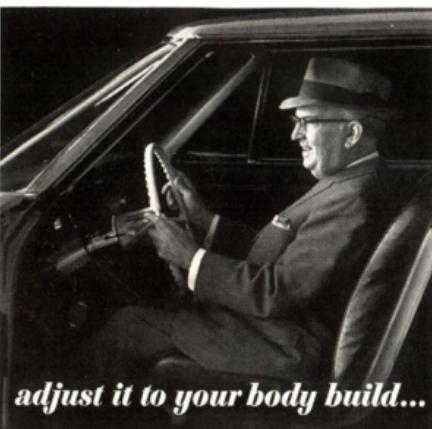
Exemplary Education. The lure of all this has brought Andover a seasoned faculty (average age: 46) with only six bachelors as compared with 95 married men, reversing the traditional ratio and filling the campus with children. The teachers are formidable men. A young housemaster may be not only a Ph.D. in classics or physics, but also an ex-paratrooper or Harvard crew captain.

From his squeaky-voiced arrival to his bass-toned departure, the Andover boy (or “man”) gets an exemplary education. Basic diploma requirements: four years of English, stressing expository writing; three years of math and a foreign language; 1½ years of science and history; one year of religion and one of art or music, plus four electives, from Russian to anthropology. Ambitious boys take five major courses a year. Science stresses what scientists do. In biology, senior projects run from slide talks on bog plant life to cutting out a chicken’s bones and reassembling them.

Foreign languages begin without books, and English is banned from the classroom. For nine hours a week, 14-year-olds answer one question after another in



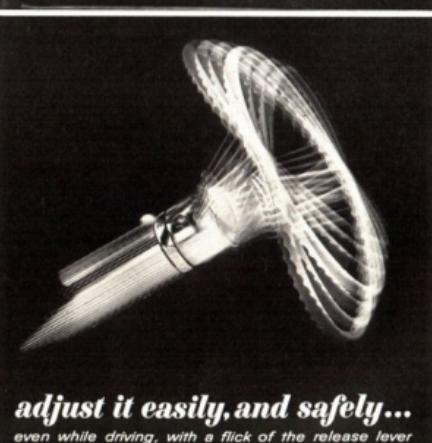
Adjust it to your arm length...



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even while driving, with a flick of the release lever

’63
For

...General Motors Announces a new adjustable steering wheel

General Motors introduces a unique new adjustable steering wheel! It lets you select the wheel position that best suits your build—whether you're tall, short, stout or in-between. Your vision is unobstructed. You drive more relaxed, arrive more refreshed. On long trips you can vary the wheel position for more comfort. And you'll discover that it's easier than ever to get into and out of the driver's seat. ■ The new adjustable steering wheel is reliability-engineered the GM way. It's optional at modest cost on power steering equipped full-size 1963 Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. Try this new advance in driving comfort soon. The adjustable steering wheel is another quality product of Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corporation, Saginaw, Michigan.

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high-speed French or Spanish. In senior English, the visitor who hated college Chaucer is delighted to hear raucous laughter as Dudley Fitts translates the "pleyn speken" Prologue. In the science honors (physics-chemistry) course of Edmund G. Hammond Jr., a brilliant young teacher with icy blue eyes, he listens raptly to sneers at "routine thought" and generalizations that are "pret-ty messy."

Sink or Swim. Yet the boys and their keepers are not intimate. Andover is no place for teacher's pets. A "man" stands alone on his marks and muscles. All year the juniors (first-year boys) toil at attaining "silver" standards in physical tests, including a "drownproofing" course (copied by the Peace Corps) with a rugged exam—staying afloat for 35 minutes with hands tied behind back. The pride a boy feels when he succeeds is the fruit of Andover's unofficial motto: "Sink or swim."

Every afternoon the juniors spend two hours with the lower-middlers, upper-middlers and seniors on the vast playing fields—a sea of runners, jumpers, kickers. All get a chance to excel at one of 17 sports; if not on a varsity team, then on one of four intramural teams in each sport—the red-shirted Romans, the green Gauls, the grey Greeks, the orange Saxons. Belonging grows as the morning teacher turns afternoon coach, yelling, "Tail down, Jones!" It mounts in a delirious rally before the Exeter game, and if victory comes, in a yowling torchlight parade and huge campus bonfire. On to Abbot Academy!

"Almost a Sin." All this bespeaks the enduring Andover, which is run on nothing more complicated than the primitive idea of ordeal. But the ordeal is far different from the one old grads remember. Everyone still looks up to the "jock" or man with a major "A." But these days the jock has to be a lot more—an actor, a proctor, a Merit scholar. The balanced hero is in. The snob is out. "A million kids are dying to get into Andover," says one lower-middler in a falsetto voice. "A guy who just mopes his way through, boy, that's almost a sin."

In fact, moping is almost impossible. At 7:05 comes breakfast in the Commons, at 7:30 compulsory chapel—a requirement so generally resented that at times boys have refused to sing or pray. From chapel on: classes, lunch, athletics, more classes before dinner. Until 8, the joiners have a chance at some 40 extracurricular activities, from the jazz club to the *Philippine*. But then comes studying, which totals more than five hours a day for seniors—all night if they care to. It takes this to keep up, which may explain why Andover is short on creative writing and boasts only four Westinghouse Science Talent Search winners.

The Andover costume is coat, tie and button-down shirt, plus wrinkled khakis and loafers or ragged sneakers. Andover bars cars, bikes and liquor. Seniors and upper-middlers can smoke; others, if caught, are "posted" (confined to campus). Otherwise, rules are sparse. A boy can go for days without making his bed,



HEADMASTER EMERITUS FUESS
They work, work, work.

The recipe is "independence"—so much so that Andover can be a very cold place. Not long ago, the head of a smaller school who thinks Andover is too big decided to test his theory. He sent one of his boys to spend a week at Andover, where he lived in a dorm, went to classes, played games—"and nobody knew he was there."

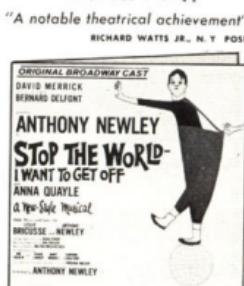
Killing Place. More disturbing to some teachers is that Andover seems to be filling up with boys who feel that any earthly sacrifice is worth an Ivy League heaven. They work, work, work. The irony is that Andover's soaring standards may encourage the widespread notion summed up by one senior: "We get good grades so we can get into a good college—a prestige college. That's why we're here."

Such a narrow view of goals infuriates some Andover teachers. "The spirit of man is neglected in this school," fumes Emory Basford, veteran chairman of the English department. "These boys admire managerial things. Even when they collect clothes for the poor, it is done as a study in organization. A little boy likes to linger, to look at bugs and birds. Here he has to hurry away because he hasn't time. This has become a strange, bewildering, killing place."

Those Great Kids. Typically, John Kemper is inclined to agree. "The school is in a ferment about it, and I intend to keep it that way," he says. "We can't demand less than the best of these kids. But we may be trying to get the wrong kind of best." Though he does not excuse the school, he also blames parents in part. A good college and a good job, he feels, have become the goals they teach. "There's just not enough emphasis on the old dream of simply being a good father, a good man," he says.

But it is no bad thing to have created the modern Andover. "You can talk about money and prestige," says Science Teacher Hammond, "but the incentive at Andover is much bigger. Here we have the facilities to do our professional job the way it should be done. Here we have the joy of pure scholarly discussion. And those great kids—where can a man find students who are so electrifying? There lies the dream of the good teacher. There is the significance and the challenge here."

STOP THE WORLD— I WANT TO GET OFF



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Broadway's newest
musical hit
is on
LONDON

IN SIGHT Using lignite to ignite a bright future for taconite *GN sponsored research makes new progress in gasifying coal to beneficiate low-grade iron ore*

Imagine me—Rocky, the Great Northern goat—going to college! But in a way I am. 'Cause keeping up with the projects GN's Mineral Research and Development Department is working on with two universities is like "cramming" for an exam!

It's all got to do with the minerals you see here.



Lignite and taconite—they can do great things together

Lignite is what the mineral experts call a "fossil" fuel. And there are some 350 billion tons of it under vast areas of North Dakota. Taconite on the other hand, is an ore of relatively lower iron content from the famous Mesabi Range up in Northern Minnesota. Before it can be used efficiently in steel-making it has to be "beneficiated." (See, I do go to college!)

Since GN serves these states, we're naturally interested in furthering the future of lignite and taconite. So we've sponsored separate, yet related research projects at the Universities of North Dakota and Minnesota.

And there's been a real breakthrough—in the form of an economical new process to gasify lignite. This not only can help in "roasting out" pellets of high-iron content from taconite, but has potential for a variety of industrial uses as well. Semi-pilot plant runs have been successful, so our hopes are high. Like to stay posted on this research and development of a new source of energy and ore? Write GN's man in charge, Al Haley.

And now for a "re-run" of a little essay that's dear to the hearts of our apple-producing friends out in the State of Washington. Object, of course, is to remind you that GN refrigerator cars are hustling a new crop of those Wenatchee Valley beauties towards your grocer right now!

What is an apple?

It's what small boys shiny up trees after . . . and when one fell down on an Englishman's head several centuries ago, it led to Newton's law of gravity and the new age in science. . . . It tells teacher she's "favorite" . . . and its blossoms tell poets and songwriters and young lovers it's Spring.

An apple is cider, sauce, butter, dumplings, pie and pan dowdy . . . and about 90 calories. It gets bartered for a pigged fill and bottom for a sliced, diced, sauted, peeled and "polished." It gets cooked, candied and caramelized . . . but mostly, just plain chawed and chomped on. It goes into bushel baskets and picnic baskets . . . lunch boxes, sacks and fruit stand racks . . . and into policemen's pockets. It keeps the doctor away . . . and brings kids in from play . . . and shows up on their cheeks.

An apple's as old as Adam . . . yet it's always news when the "crop's in." And when it's the Wenatchee Valley crop, that's exciting news . . . to the whole apple-lovin' world!

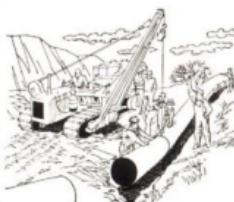


I've just asked our artist to draw a streak of lightning. Then, I'll be all set to tell you how . . .

GN's new lightning-fast car reporting system steps up freight movement

When you're moving freight across a transcontinental route—and you're out to do it with speed and efficiency—you'd better have a Central Car Bureau that's set up for almost instant communications. That's why more than six years ago GN started building a whole new system for locating and reporting freight cars—an electronic network that now laces together 15 yards, our headquarters and 45 local traffic offices across the nation.

So when you're shipping Great Northern, and you want to know where your freight car is, when it will arrive—or you want to divert your shipment—just check your GN traffic representative. His answers will be fast, accurate and complete.



GN goes "underground" to speed crude oil to market

Just being completed is a 350-mile pipeline from Lignite, North Dakota to Clearbrook, Minnesota via Minot, Devils Lake and Grand Forks. The project—a joint venture of Great Northern Railway and the Hunt Oil Company—will "streamline" the flow of crude oil from North Dakota's Williston Basin to midwestern and eastern markets.

Operation will be handled by the Portal Pipeline Company, and GN's 50-mile gathering line for crude oil from fields north of Minot will feed the line.

Just goes to show how efficiency-conscious we can get when it comes to moving the great natural resources from our region to ultimate markets.

Snow's here . . . and so are the skiers at Montana's Big Mountain

"The finest, most plentiful year-around snow conditions in the West!" That's what veteran ski buffs say about the Big Mountain, high up in the Rockies just west of Glacier National Park at Whitefish, Montana.



Not just once, but three times this magnificent mecca has been chosen for the U.S. National Ski Championships—and this year the Big Mountain hosted the National Junior Championships. Everything from powder snow, 23 great runs and a 6,800 ft. double chairlift to mild 23° temperatures, Alpine lodges and Western hospitality awaits you.

And you just never saw a skier's paradise so easy to reach. GN's incomparable Empire Builder and fast, modern Western Star take you *direct* to Whitefish—right at the foot of the mountain! For free folder and thrifty "Ski Fun Weeks" package rates write to GN's Passenger Traffic Manager, K. C. Van Wyk, St. Paul—or to Ed Schenck at Whitefish, Montana. See you on the slopes!

Wanted: "Pen pals"

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Business opportunities? Crop information? E. N. Duncan, Director of Industrial and Agricultural Development, will bring you up to date.

Taking a trip? Contact K. C. Van Wyk, Passenger Traffic Manager—or your local GN ticket or travel agent.

Mineral matters? Write to A. J. Haley, Director of Mineral Research and Development.

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THE THEATER

Blood Sport

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee, is a blood sport as well as a play. The weapons are words—vicious, cruel, unspeakably humiliating, unpredictably hilarious—the language of personal annihilation. Jabbing, slashing, eviscerating each other are a middle-aged history professor and his wife. "It is called love-hatred," Strindberg once said, "and it hails from the pit." Sharing this diabolical conversation pit are a younger faculty couple who start as passively trapped bystanders and finish as guilty fellow victims. In the long and lacerating annals of family fights on stage, there has been nothing quite like *Virginia Woolf's* mortal battle of the sexes for sheer nonstop grim-gay savagery. The human heart is not on view, but the playgoer will know that he has seen human entrails.

Yet this play, with which Edward Albee, 34, has jolted the Broadway season to life, is not fundamentally about the war of the sexes. Its theme is sterility—actually in marriage, symbolically in modern U.S. life. The cue is scarcely necessary, but the action is set in the college town of New Carthage.

George, the history professor, and his wife Martha lead lives of noisy, clawing desperation. Martha is drunk, vituperative—she brays "Screw you" at George at the precise moment that the door opens on her guest couple, invited in at 2 a.m. for a nightcap after a faculty party. By rights, Nick, the young biology professor, and his wife Honey ought to squirm and leave, but Honey is a remarkably opaque ninny who promptly proceeds to get throwing-up drunk on brandy, and Nick proves to be made of sneakily ambitious stuff that will not permit him to turn his back on a hostess who happens also to be the daughter of the president of the college.

Witchily, Martha slays George. She wanted him to succeed her father; instead, he is the "bog in the history department." Albee recognizes that the shape of a dream marks the personality after the dream's defeat. Martha dreamed of power; defeated, she is loud, coarse, a monster of appetite, mostly promiscuous. George pursued the truth but has disenchanted come to regard it as a mirage. In his dream's defeat, he is a monster of intelligence, detached, acid, playful as a cobra, alternating easily from the deadly serious to the deadly comic.

After they play "Humiliate the Host," George proposes other games, like "Get the Guests." Nick gets Martha. George tries to goad Honey into listening to the lewd off-stage cavitings of their spouses, but she is locked in some private bomb shelter of her sodden frenzied mind, and will not hear. At this point, the play achieves a suffocating vision of evil that would take a second Flood to cleanse. Even sin is sterile. Martha returns with a crestfallen Nick and announces mock-

grandiosely: "I am the earth-mother, and you're all flops."

After that, the play is sapped by incredibility. Albee asks the playgoer to believe that the warring couple actually kept up a pretense about a nonexistent son for 21 years—having previously suggested various possible reasons for this neurotic myth, such as that Martha's father didn't like her. Coming after two acts of cascading turbulence, this plot resolution is woefully inadequate and incongruous, rather like tracing the source of Niagara to a water pistol. There are other weaknesses. The play is needlessly long (3 1/2 hours), repetitious, slavishly, sometimes super-



FRIEDMAN-AEDES

HILL, HAGEN & GRIZZARD
Talk can kill; murder is rarely a bore.

ficially Freudian, and given to trite thoughts about scientific doom.

There is a frosty absence of compassion in Albee that is both a signature and a limitation on his talent. In Tennessee Williams, even the most grotesque character is touched with common humanity. Albee's people are less odd, but more inhuman. To O'Neill, marriage had its serpents, but they were invaders in Eden. To Albee, marriage seems to be a no-exit hell in which the only intimacy is a hopeless common damnation. But a powerful play never founders on its flaws. Albee's language is whiplash strong and leaves welts. His characters are rivetingly modern, and their weird autobiographical outbursts carry a numbing conviction.

The cast is shatteringly good. Uta Hagen fills Martha with pantherish ferocity and untamed vulgarity. In a skillfully modulated performance, Arthur Hill as George limns a memorable portrait of the sadist as A.B., M.A., Ph.D. George Grizzard makes Nick a moral chameleon

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with all the courage of his connections, and when Nature passed out brains, Melinda Dillon's Honey was given cotton candy. The charged intensity that Director Alan Schneider brings to an evening full of talk is based on one penetrating insight—talk can kill, and murder is rarely a bore.

In the theater there are, ultimately, two kinds of drama, the quick and the dead. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* belongs articulately and terrifyingly among the quick.

Casualty List

The new theater season has been competing with the obituary pages. Four Broadway-bound shows, *Banderol*, *A Matter of Position*, *There Must Be a Pony*

MILESTONES

Born. To Hugh Leo Carey, 43, Democratic Congressman from Brooklyn, Captain Hill's champion father, and his wife Helen, 38; their twelfth child, seventh boy; in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Married. Cecil Harmsworth King, 61, Britain's biggest press lord, whose Daily Mirror Group encompasses eight British and a dozen overseas newspapers, plus 200 assorted periodicals (total circ. 36.5 million); and Ruth Raiton, 46, a longtime friend, founder and director of the Daily Mirror-sponsored National Youth Orchestra; he for the second time; in Maidenhead, England.

Divorced. By Lana Turner, 42, Hollywood's original Sweater Girl; California Rancher Fred May, 45, husband No. 5; in Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Françoise de Morière, 29, a French girl working as a stewardess for Allegheny Airlines; in a rare and eerie aircraft mishap; near Hartford, Conn. As Allegheny's short-hop Convair approached Hartford's Bradley Field, a loose cabin door in the rear of the plane suddenly blew open; rapid decompression popped her through the opening and to her death on an open field 1,500 ft. below. "She was gone in a flash," said a passenger. "Not a cry—not a word."

Died. William Price Gray, 53, longtime editor of *LIFE*'s international editions; of heart disease; in Manhattan's New York Hospital. A Washington-born Northwesterner, Gray started his journalistic career on West Coast newspapers, signed on in 1942 as a *LIFE* Inc. correspondent mainly covering the Pacific war on its battlefields, stayed overseas after V-J day as Shanghai bureau chief, reporting the collapse of the Nationalist Chinese; returning home, he was appointed editor in 1950 of *LIFE*'s fortnightly edition sent abroad, a post in which he helped launch *LIFE EN ESPAÑOL* and last year the Italian-language monthly *PANORAMA*, sponsored jointly by *LIFE* Inc. and Mondadori.

and *La Belle* were entombed en route. *Step on a Crack* limped into New York last week minus two successive leading ladies (Rita Hayworth, Nancy Kelly), and with an unknown understudy played a one-night stand. *Come on Strong*, Garrison Kanin's nonplay about how to succeed by really sleeping around, posted a closing notice, then rescinded it, and is apparently hanging on by comely Carroll Baker's sliding shoulder straps. Manhattan's Seventh Avenue has been pilfered, as it is a couple of times a season, for a spotty cloak-and-suit comedy called *Seidman and Son* that is full of decent sentiments and indecent sentimentality. A play it isn't, but thanks to Sam Levene, that endearingly amusing one-man encyclopedia of Jewish gesticulation, box office it may be.

Died. Albert Lavenson Furth, 60, assistant editorial director of *Time Inc.*; of cancer; in Manhattan's Harkness Pavilion. A gentle, dryly witty Californian who came East with Hearst's old International News Service, Furth joined *Time* in 1930 to write the *PRESS* and *AERONAUTICS* sections, in 1936 became a member of *Fortune*'s board of editors, became executive editor in 1942, a post he held for 14 years until his appointment as an overall editorial planner for all *Time Inc.* publications.

Died. The Most Rev. Joseph Aloysius Burke, 76, Roman Catholic bishop of the 870,000-member diocese of Buffalo, N.Y., a boilermaker's son who recently celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood; of a heart attack; at the Ecumenical Council in the Vatican. All five U.S. cardinals and 350 bishops overflowed Rome's little Church of Santa Susanna for Bishop Burke's Requiem Mass, marking the first death among the 2,540 prelates at the council.

Died. Irma Rombauer, 83, author of *The Joy of Cooking*, the brides' benison; of an embolism; in St. Louis (see MODERN LIVING).

Died. Charles Hopkinson, 93, dean of U.S. portrait artists; in Manchester, Mass. A proper Bostonian known as the "court painter of Harvard" for his precise oils of Presidents Charles W. Eliot (his uncle), Abbott Lawrence Lowell and James B. Conant. Hopkinson dashed off impetuous watercolors for pleasure, but turned a cool New Englander's eye to his investigations of famous men. His first portrait was of the late E. E. Cummings as a baby, and his later works ranged from John D. Rockefeller Jr. to Herbert Hoover and a dour, purse-mouthed Calvin Coolidge, which now hangs in the White House Green Room. Roared Oliver Wendell Holmes, on seeing his own leonine likeness: "That is not I, but perhaps it is just as well that people should think it is. How did the damned little cuso do it?"



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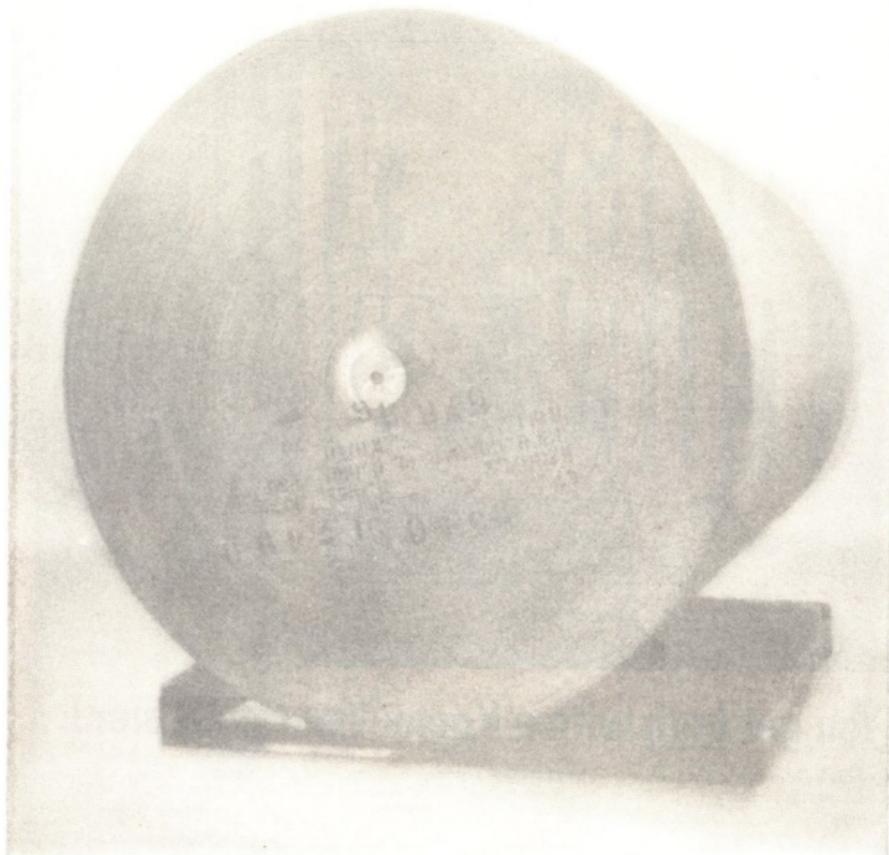
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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Warning Sounds

Exercising a power it has not used for eight years, the Federal Reserve Board last week authorized its member banks to reduce their minimum reserves on savings deposits from 5% to 4%. The Fed's move—partly designed to make credit easier by adding about \$4.6 billion to the funds that the nation's banks are free to lend—might not actually succeed in putting much more money to work; most banks are already having trouble finding enough borrowers. But it reflected the fact that William McChesney Martin, the Fed's calm, conservative chairman, is concerned that a recession might be on the way.

He is not alone. Since last spring, the U.S. economy has made little forward progress. Industrial production in September remained unchanged (at 119% of the 1957-59 average) for the third month in a row, and durable goods sales were also stuck at the same level (\$16.3 billion) for the third straight month. Total retail sales actually declined from \$19.6 billion in August to \$19.4 billion in September—partly because personal income failed to rise for the first time in eight months.

All this was sharply reflected on Wall Street where the Dow-Jones industrial average last week fell 13.30 points to close



at 573.29. For a time during the course of trading on Friday, Oct. 19, the average even fell below 571—which Wall Street experts have come to regard as a mystic "resistance point," because twice in the last three months stocks have dropped that low and then rebounded. The number of shares sold "short" in anticipation of even lower prices rose to a four-year high.

Fading Glow. Because much of this closely resembles the pattern of events that preceded the 1960 recession, Columbia University Economist Raymond J. Saulnier last week predicted that a slump is coming soon (though in 1960, when he was Dwight Eisenhower's chief economist, Saulnier insisted to the bitter end that no slump was on the way). Seven of nine top corporate economists meeting in Pittsburgh last week forecast a mild downturn in the first half of 1963, fol-



SAULNIER

MARTIN



KAPPEL

HELLER

The aches are real; the cheer is iffy.

lowed by a recovery in the last half. A remarkably similar analysis was made by 20 other corporate economists reporting to the blue-ribbon Business Council, which met last week at Hot Springs, Va. A.T. & T. Chairman Frederick R. Kappel summed up for the Council: "A great majority of the technical consultants expects economic activity to peak out by year-end and turn down in the first quarter of 1963."

Even official Washington is not talking as rosily as it used to. Though Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, usually a professional optimist, hopes for a "good increase" during 1963, he concedes that "business will be a little slow for a few months." Presidential Economist Walter Heller, departing from the unvarnished



cheer expected of an Administration soothsayer in an election year, said he expects that "there will be a testing period early in 1963." Heller added that the gross national product for this year, currently running at an annual rate of \$555.5 billion, will fall short of the Administration's original forecast of \$570 billion "by an embarrassing margin."

Aches & Taxes. For all its well-advertised aches, the U.S. economy does have its strengths. There has been "gratifying and encouraging" progress made to-

ward closing the gap in the U.S. balance of payments, Treasury Under Secretary Robert Roosa told the Business Council meeting. Of more immediate concern to businessmen, auto sales in the first ten days of October were the highest ever for that period, and new orders received by manufacturers of durable goods rose 2%

G.N.P.



in September. All across the country, businessmen anticipate that their Christmas sales will be up anywhere from 2% to 7% over last year.

Such consumer optimism will not be enough to stave off a recession by itself. But, combined with the fact that businessmen are well prepared for some kind of downturn and have kept their inventories lean, it should make any recession a modest one. And if Congress should decree a sizable cut in personal and corporate income taxes early next year, all the assumptions that underlie the economists' present gloom would suddenly change.

PUBLIC POLICY

They Are Higher Here

The most notable feature of the new tax bill that President Kennedy signed into law last week was a provision that permits corporations to deduct from their taxes 7% of their investment in new plant and equipment. This "modernization credit" was designed to encourage capital spending and thus spur the nation's lagging rate of economic growth. But in its October newsletter, Manhattan's First National City Bank forcefully argues that a far more sweeping tax reform will be required to get the U.S. economy really moving again.

U.S. economic growth is sluggish, argues the First National City, largely because the U.S. tax system perversely "favors consumption and penalizes production." In no other major industrial nation are taxes that tend to discourage the incentive to produce so high and those that tend to discourage personal spending so low. Between federal and local levies, First National City's economists figure, the U.S. raises 78% of its revenues by means of taxes on income and capital, and only 22% through sales taxes and other taxes on spending. By contrast, Japan draws 33% of its revenue from sales taxes, Britain 36%, Australia 41.5%, Italy 48% and France 50%.

Even the Socialistic-minded governments of Scandinavia, which long clung to the belief that sales taxes put an unfair burden on ordinary wage earners, are changing their ways.

Early this year Sweden simultaneously cut its income tax and increased its na-

tional sales tax from 4.2% to 6.4%. Denmark has a similar reform in the works. Even the Russians, notes the First National City dourly, recognize the adverse effect of income taxes on incentive, and proclaim their ultimate intention to abolish income taxes entirely.

CORPORATIONS

All's Swell at Mattel

In 1945 a Los Angeles industrial designer who had gone into the picture-frame business found himself with a lot of extra frame slats and decided to make doll furniture with them. Thanks to the doll furniture, Elliot Handler and his wife Ruth cleared \$30,000 on sales of

ing, which plugged the Mattel name as hard as the burp gun, has revolutionized the \$2-billion-a-year U.S. toy industry. Previously, toy companies spent most of their ad budget in the Christmas season and concentrated on selling individual items. Today, top companies advertise year-round on TV, and accent the brand name. Mattel, with a 1962 advertising budget of \$5,700,000, still plugs harder than anybody else.

The Built-In Whinny. To back up their advertising ("You Can Tell It's Mattel—It's Swell"), the Handlers aim for well-made, moderately priced toys. One Mattel innovation was a mass-produced music-box mechanism that has now gone into 60 million toys ranging from

razor blade urge in children. Says Elliot Handler unapologetically: "We feel it's up to the parents to handle the child."

On the Frontier. As chairman and president of Mattel, Elliot Handler, 46, likes to think up new toys. Chic, aggressive Executive Vice President Ruth Handler, 45, oversees manufacture and administration. (By family agreement, they never talk business at home.) Husband and wife aspire to make Mattel the world's biggest toymaker; this year, if their sales hit \$80 million as expected, they will achieve their goal and surpass longtime industry leader Louis Marx (TIME cover, Dec. 12, 1955).

In their drive for the top, the Handlers this year alone have doubled their plant space and payroll (to 4,400). At Mattel's Los Angeles factory, a staff of 200 toy developers, including chemists, sculptors and engineers, tinker behind locked doors on an annual research budget of \$1,500,000. Currently, the company has 17 new toy "principles" ready to employ in a variety of toys. Exults Jack Ryan, a one-time missile engineer who heads Mattel's R. & D. department: "We're right out on the frontier of technology."

INVESTMENTS

Two-Way Traffic

While U.S. business is busily investing abroad, a French industrial giant last week launched an invasion of the U.S. Out to acquire a controlling 40% interest in New York's Howe Sound Co., France's Pechiney, the biggest aluminum producer in Europe, offered to buy up to 1,300,000 shares of Howe Sound common at \$15 a share (\$4 above the previous closing price). Pechiney is principally interested in Howe Sound's Quaker State Metals division, which can roll out 120 million lbs. of aluminum sheet and strip a year, but is also eager to get control of Howe's copper and brass rolling mills, its precision casting facilities and its dental and surgical products division.

Pechiney's bid, if successful, will be one of the largest investments a foreign company has made in the U.S. in the past decade. Direct investments by foreign businessmen in U.S. companies have doubled since 1950, to more than \$7.5 billion. Before World War II, two-thirds of foreign holdings in U.S. manufacturing companies were in textiles and chemicals, but today the biggest investments are in food, tobacco and beverages. The lion's share of the foreign investment in the U.S. is British. The British have increased their holdings from \$1 billion to \$2.5 billion since 1950, mainly by increased investment in such companies as Brown & Williamson Tobacco, Thomas J. Lipton, Lever Brothers, Bowater paper and Shell Oil. Canadians run second with a \$2 billion U.S. investment, mostly in railroads, insurance, liquor and farm machinery.

Surprisingly, the increase in foreign capital invested in the U.S. has not helped the nation's balance of payments. Reason: the foreigners have financed half their



ELLIOT & RUTH HANDLER WITH KEN & BARBIE DOLLS
Just sell the blades and let the parents handle the kids.

\$100,000 that year. The Handlers have never quite matched that profit margin, but in the 17 years since then their Mattel, Inc. has joined the front rank of U.S. toymakers. Last year Mattel earned \$4,000,000 on sales of \$49,400,000. And in the first half of this year, the Handlers happily told the New York Society of Security Analysts last week, Mattel's sales jumped a whopping 73%.

Mattel gives much of the credit to saturation selling on TV. In 1955, Mattel, still a fledgling firm with annual sales of only \$6,000,000, decided to move into toy burp guns. Anxious to give the new product a big advertising send-off, the Handlers nervously agreed to sponsor Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse Club* show for a year, at a cost of \$500,000. Recalls Ralph Carson of Los Angeles' Carson-Roberts ad agency, which handles the Mattel account: "We were on the air six times and nothing happened. Then the Mattel people came back from a long weekend and they couldn't open the door. The place was filled with orders and reorders. That was when we realized the pipeline in this business is six weeks long."

Mattel's *Mickey Mouse Club* advertis-

guitars to lullaby cribs. Another gold mine: a miniature voice recording that stands rough handling, allows Mattel's Chatty Cathy doll to speak eleven phrases and a \$48 rocking horse to whinny.

Mattel's biggest success has been the Barbie doll, a more or less scale model of a busty teen-ager which appeals to little girls because it looks "grown up" and to their parents because it is inexpensive. Made in Japan to save on labor costs, the Barbie doll (which now has a boy friend named Ken) is priced at \$3 retail and has become, according to Ruth Handler, "the greatest phenomenon that ever hit the toy business." Mattel also offers separately a Barbie wardrobe ranging from lingerie up to a \$5 wedding gown.

Barbie and her wardrobe reflect a favorite Mattel device that Elliot Handler calls "the razor and razor blade" technique. Explains Handler: "You get hooked on one and you have to buy the other. Buy the doll and then you buy the clothes. I know a lot of parents hate us for this, but it's going to be around a long time." Parents, in fact, get scant sympathy from the Handlers, whose advertising is admittedly designed to evoke the razor-

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1 Cooper Theatre, Denver. Architect /Richard J. Crowther and Associates, Denver. Designer/Melvin C. Glatz, Lakewood, Colorado.



2 Waialae Bowl, Honolulu, Hawaii. Architect/Takashi Anbe, A.I.A., Honolulu, Hawaii.



3 Gladding McBean Co. warehouse, San Francisco, California. Architects/Sutton and Stephens, San Francisco, California.



4 International Instruments, Orange, Connecticut. Architects/Pedersen and Tilney, New Haven, Connecticut.

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1. You might think this is a Butler building, but it isn't. If you were fooled, it's because the entire rotunda is a massive, insulated curtain wall of Butler Monopanl®. A growing number of architects are specifying this Butler wall system for fine conventional buildings.

2. Too much masonry showing to be a Butler building? Wrong again. The basic building, structural and roof, are indeed all Butler. The masonry is only a non-load-bearing curtain enclosing the building. Inside you get clear spans up to 120 feet wide, uncluttered spaces, freedom to use any curtain wall material—and fast construction. Butler buildings go up weeks, sometimes months faster. The Butler roof is so outstanding it's guaranteed 20

years with no maintenance obligation on owner's part.*

3. Here is conventional curtain wall material combined with a Butler Monopanl wall system. With the exception of the tile facade, these are primarily Butler components . . . structural, wall system and roof. Generally speaking, the more pre-fabricated components specified, the more the inherent advantages accelerate. That's because more of the parts were made for each other.

4. Guess this as a Butler building? Right! It's 100% Butler, with a new wall system not shown on the other structures above. Butler Modular Wall system . . . elegant four-foot wide panels with built-in doors, windows and aluminum trim. Notice how beautifully it blends with Butler Monopanl. Here you get the ultimate benefits of pre-fabrication—precision, quality, economy and beauty.

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KARR

STRICTMAN
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LANDA

expansion out of U.S. earnings, and have consistently taken home dividends greater than the amount of new capital that they exported to the U.S. Presumably, U.S. businessmen investing abroad will also in time bring home more money than they spend abroad. Yet the Administration frequently expresses concern over the tripling of U.S. investment abroad since 1950, and tends to regard capital investment overseas as just another naughty contribution to the U.S. gold outflow.

PERSONNEL

Change at Fairbanks Whitney

For the past four months, U.S. business has known no more indefatigable head-hunter than David Karr, 44, one-time legman for Drew Pearson and then a public-relations man before he maneuvered himself into the corporate big time as guiding spirit of New York's Fairbanks Whitney Corp. Last week, after interviewing more than 40 senior executives from every corner of the nation, Karr ended his talent quest. In as Fairbanks Whitney's new president and chief executive officer (at \$115,000 a year) goes crew-cut George A. Strichman, 46, once director of manufacturing services for Raytheon Corp. and until last week president of the Kellogg division of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.

Rarely has a corporation needed someone to run it and pull it together more than Fairbanks Whitney, a sprawling manufacturing complex that produces everything from industrial scales to Colt revolvers. The company was assembled eight years ago under the name Penn-Texas Corp. by German-born Financier Leopold Silberstein, who hoped to make it the nucleus of a vast industrial empire. But in 1958 it was wrested from Silberstein's control by a corporate raider from Palm Beach named Alfons Landa. Landa used the company to seize control of Chicago's Fairbanks Morse, an old-line machinery manufacturer, then changed its name to Fairbanks Whitney.

Board-Room Battlefield. By installing himself as chairman of the executive committee, and his protégé Karr as president, Landa thought he had assured himself of

control of Fairbanks Whitney. But before long, the new board of directors began raising a hue and cry about mismanagement. Last May, after a 1961 loss of \$83,600 on sales of \$141 million, Landa resigned as an officer of the company. Subsequently, a score of lesser Fairbanks executives scurried off, and those who remained behind were so absorbed in board-room battles that no one was left to mind the store.

Although the company showed a precarious profit in the first half of this year, its largest division, Fairbanks Morse, has stuck stubbornly in the red. And small wonder. Even in its most up-to-date plant, Fairbanks Morse works with machine tools 22 years old, and its warehouses still use rope-rigged elevators pulled by hand. Karr, who will step up to chairman of the company, says: "We were well aware of the need to bring in a capable manufacturing man."

Call for an Encore. Strichman seems just such a man. When he took command at Kellogg in 1959, the telephone-equipment manufacturer was losing some \$4,200,000 on sales of \$45 million. Strichman launched a modernization program that has already added three new plants and aims to have the existing ones made over by the end of 1963. This year Kellogg expects to show a \$2,000,000 profit on sales of nearly \$120 million. Strichman hopes to repeat the performance at Fairbanks, but, well briefed on the company's recent past, promises only: "I'll do the best I know how."

FOREIGN TRADE

Keeping Up with the Jones Act

Often when Congress tries to help one industry by passing a law in its favor, it only hurts another. Latest case in point is that of the Pacific Northwest's softwood lumber industry, which has been losing its traditional East Coast markets at a spectacular rate to Canadian lumbermen in British Columbia. In the past ten years Western Canadian lumber shipments to the East have jumped from 7% to 57% of the market.

A basic reason for the Canadian gain is the Jones Act of 1920, which was designed to protect the uneconomic U.S.

merchant marine from low-wage foreign competition. Among other things, the Jones Act requires that all shipping between U.S. ports must move in high-cost U.S. vessels. This means that Pacific Northwest lumbermen must pay \$36 per 1,000 board feet to ship green lumber to East Coast ports in U.S. vessels, while Canadian lumbermen pay as little as \$26 on foreign-flag freighters. Canadian lumber, which is often of better quality than Pacific Northwest lumber, thus consistently undersells it. And to compound the injury, the regulations have hurt rather than helped the U.S. merchant fleet: the Eastern lumberyards' switch to Canadian softwood has put out of business five of the eight U.S. shipping lines that used to serve the Pacific Northwest.

Desperate for relief, Northwest lumbermen have been pressuring Washington to exclude lumber shipments from the Jones Act, to put quotas on imports of Canadian lumber, and to raise lumber tariffs to the legal maximum of 8%. With the issue pressed by Democratic Congressmen from Washington and Oregon, President Kennedy has pushed through Congress a bill appropriating \$165 million for construction of roads into the Pacific Northwest woods to cut the cost of hauling out logs. But when he tried to amend the Jones Act, the President ran head-on into opposition from maritime interests and from Southern Congressmen, who are not inclined to help the Northwest compete against their own Southeastern timber industry.

The U.S. Tariff Commission is currently studying the arguments for lumber quotas and tariff increases. And last week U.S. negotiators sat down with Canadian officials in Ottawa to try to persuade them to put voluntary quotas on lumber exports. But the Canadians—who already run a \$1.2 billion trade deficit with the U.S.—see no reason to increase it.



BOB OLSEN
LOADING LUMBER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
What hurt was the help.

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Time for Togetherness

U.S. stockholders may think that they are hurting, but European stock buyers are hurting worse. In the great May 1962 plunge, the majority of European stock markets fell faster and farther than the New York Exchange. In Switzerland and West Germany, indexes dropped 40%, below their alltime highs. The Dow Jones, which dropped 25%, having dropped farther, most European exchanges are showing even less recuperative power than Wall Street. "Pessimism reigns supreme," lamented the Milanese financial daily *24 Ore* last week.

Signs of Slacking. Each European exchange has its own local reasons for being dispirited. But there is also an overall fear that Europe's mighty postwar economic rebound is slowing down. Fortnight ago, Robert Marjolin, one of the Common Market Commission's three vice presidents, declared that he detected in Europe all the classic symptoms that herald the end of an economic boom, and speculated that "a recession might occur at the end of 1963 or later." And last week Sweden's Per Jacobsson, much respected head of the International Monetary Fund, reminded his fellow Europeans that "business expansion does not go on forever," and warned that he saw "signs of a slackening in some fields."

Europe's principal worry is a critical labor shortage, which has brought on a rapid rise in wage levels. The result has been a profit squeeze that has led many firms to cancel expansion plans and forced

them to raise prices. Higher prices have hurt exports, while wage boosts have increased consumer demand, which has raised imports. Economists agree that increased consumer spending cannot offset the downward pull of reduced corporate spending and exports.

The Great Task. No one yet talks of a severe recession in Europe. Italy's vast labor pool in its poverty-ridden south and France's hundreds of thousands of repatriates from Algeria give those two nations manpower to draw on. Other European nations presumably are in for nothing worse than a sharp reduction in the rate of economic growth.

Both Marjolin and Jacobsson believe that right action can counter a descending economic spiral. Jacobsson believes that the great task of his final year as IMF chief will be to persuade the governments of all industrial nations to adopt in concert policies to encourage business expansion—notably stepped-up government spending and easy-money interest rates. The Times of London last week voiced the fear that without such a coordinated drive, "the European economy may slow down at the same time as the American"—a coincidence of events that has not occurred since the Great Depression.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE

Woods's Next Walk

In the 13 years since he became president of the World Bank, rangy Eugene Black, 64, has capitalized on a unique blend of financial acuteness and infectious Southern charm to borrow some \$2 billion



GUY GILLETTE

BANKER WOODS
Uncomfortable on the outside.

from private investors and lend it to backward nations for carefully chosen investment projects. In the process, the international financial community has come to think of the World Bank (official title: the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development) as "Gene Black's bank." This week, with Black close to the mandatory retirement age, the bank's 18 executive directors will name a new boss for Gene Black's bank. Their almost certain choice: George D. Woods, 61, since 1951 chairman of First Boston Corp., one of Wall Street's top investment banking houses.

Woods, who was hand-picked for the job by Black himself, has the same sort of deceptively casual air as Black. He likes to drape his long, thin frame over a chair in his First Boston office, fix visitors with his liquid brown eyes and invite them to "walk around the problem." The walk is friendly and pleasant, but when it is over, the visitors usually find themselves accepting Woods's view.

After Night School. Woods started on Wall Street at 17 as an office boy. He learned the academics of finance in night school, quickly demonstrated an ability to analyze investment opportunities that should sustain the World Bank's reputation for hardheadedness. Early in his career, Woods formed a close friendship with a bond salesman from Atlanta named Eugene Black. After Black took over the World Bank, he called on Woods to help organize private development corporations in India, Pakistan and the Philippines. Woods's biggest international coup came when he persuaded Egypt's Nasser to compensate the former shareholders of the Suez Canal.

Woods's only important liability lies in his association with the Dixon-Yates case. Congressional Democrats accused him of planting one of his men in the Budget Bureau to swing a controversial AEC





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WESTON SUPERMARKET IN MUNICH

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power contract to a private utility group that retained First Boston as its financial agent. Woods was later exonerated, but the association cost him the chance to head the U.S. foreign aid program last year when Oregon's Senator Wayne Morse threatened to fight his nomination.

All the Everests. For the World Bank job, senatorial confirmation is not required. Woods has Black's backing and the support of Treasury Secretary Dillon and President Kennedy. That should be enough to get him the job, which traditionally goes to an American, since the U.S. holds 30% of the bank's stock. Woods is eager to take it on. Says his longtime friend, U.S. Disarmament Negotiator Arthur Dean: "Woodsie has climbed all the Mt. Everests there are to climb on Wall Street, and he has a yen for public service. He feels that we have tremendous problems with underdeveloped countries, and people with ability cannot remain comfortably on the outside if we are going to solve them."

RETAIL TRADE

The Sweet Smell of Bread

In 1933 a little-known Canadian baker named Garfield Weston journeyed down to Wall Street armed with an idea and \$10,000. The \$10,000 he paid to a Wall Street tipster to get him just five minutes with some of the cash-heavy New York financiers who had made a killing by selling short in the Great Crash. Then, to five of Wall Street's biggest "bears," including Bernard E. ("Sell 'Em Ben") Smith, Weston offered his idea: buy up British bakeries at Depression prices to provide a readymade outlet for Canada's vast supplies of cheap wheat. So convinc-

ingly did he argue that the five put up \$2,000,000 to back his venture.

Since then, capitalizing on the same combination of audacity, ingenuity and perspicacity, slim, strong-minded Garfield Weston, 64, has built the biggest business ever fashioned by a Canadian—a food-processing and retailing empire that reaches into nine countries on four continents and last year ran up sales of \$3.4 billion, the world's biggest baker and one of its three biggest grocers.* Weston has 400 supermarkets in Europe alone. Among his holdings: the U.S.'s National Tea Co., Canada's Loblaw Groceries, Australia's Tip Top Bakeries, Britain's huge (more than 200 subsidiaries) Associated British Foods Ltd. and London's staid old Fortnum & Mason store in Piccadilly, where upper-class Britons have bought their Yorkshire pies and potted shrimp since 1710.

Tied Accounts. Weston was born "to the smell of bread" in an apartment over his father's bakery in Toronto. As a World War I private in the Canadian cavalry, he used his leaves to haunt the bread and biscuit factories of Britain. When he returned to Canada, he got his father to import some of the machines and recipes he had learned about. By the time the elder Weston died in 1924, the family business was already growing rapidly. But Garfield Weston was not satisfied. Said he: "I'm not going to build a costly monument to my father, I'm going to make his name known round the world."

With his arrival in Britain in the '30s, he began to do just that. With a simple, almost bulldozing directness, he set about buying up bakeries. Picking sites careful-

ly, Weston amassed a storehouse of knowledge about each owner—his family, hobbies and idiosyncrasies—before opening negotiations to buy. His friends liked to say: "Weston can't go out in the afternoon without coming home with a couple of bakeries in his pocket." Weston never lost sight of his original goal—more outlets for Canadian wheat. Says he: "I'm not an intellectual, and my success has not been due to brilliance but to sticking to an idea like a dog to a bone."

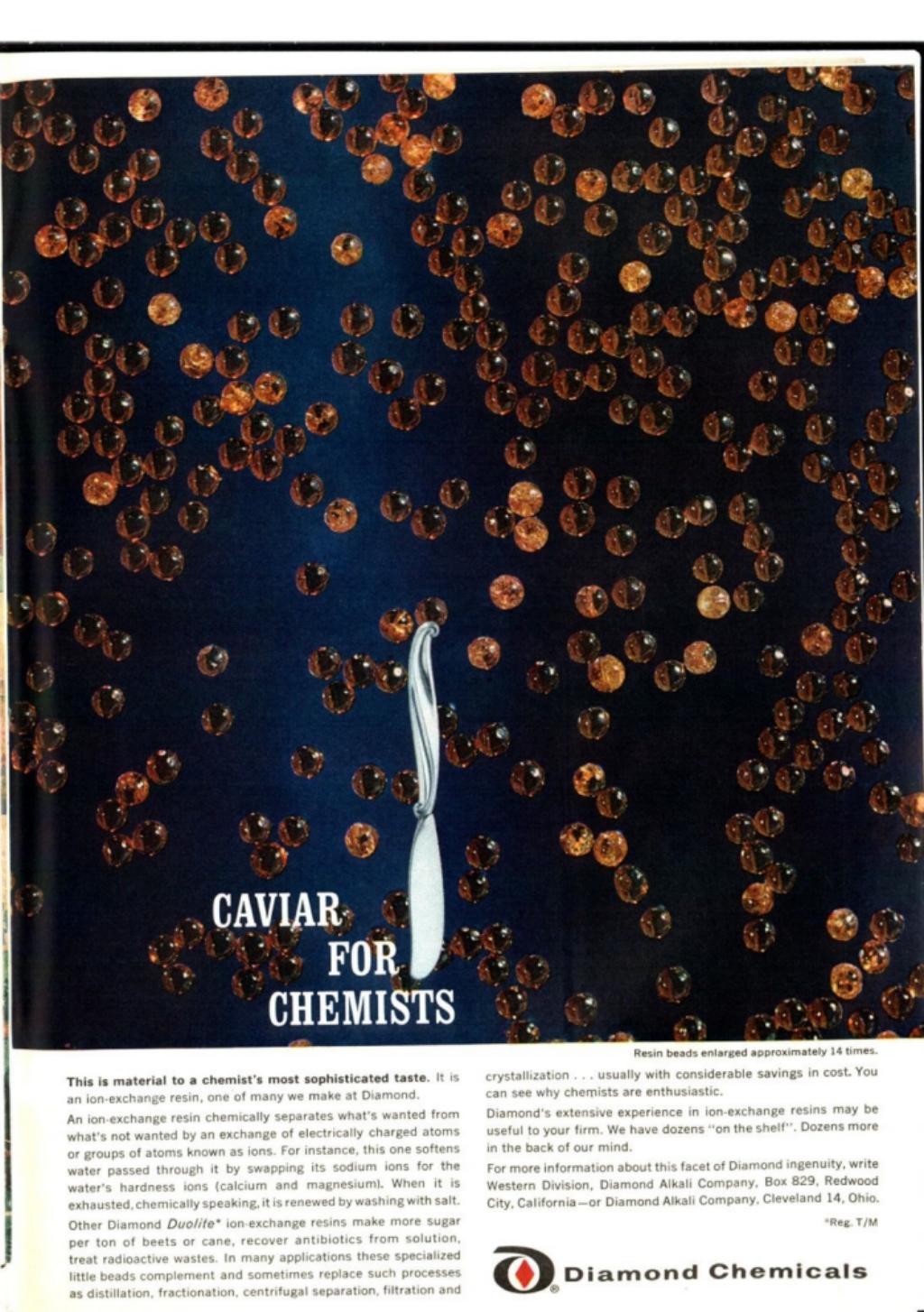
There was more to it than that. With a growing string of bakeries, Weston began buying up flour mills to supply them, then added supermarkets to sell his bakery products. Today in Britain his bakeries use every pound of flour produced by his mills, and Weston supermarkets sell 58% of his bakery goods. Because his operations provided a ready market for paper packaging, he bought up two Canadian paper companies. "All my life," he says, "I've been looking for tied accounts—the sort you don't have to sell all over again each day."

Bucking the Market. As his empire grew, so did Weston's reputation as a fearsome international competitor. In 1958, when word leaked out that he had his eye on Germany, 24,000 West German grocers petitioned the Adenauer government to keep him out. Hustling over to Bonn, Weston put his case to Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard. "You need a man like me," Weston told him. "I'm a specialist in keeping down the cost of living." Erhard gave Weston the go-ahead—and a signed copy of the latest Erhard opus, *Prosperity Through Competition*. Within two years, Weston had opened 103 supermarkets in Germany.

Despite his operations in Germany and France, Weston is a passionate opponent of British entry into the Common Market. A superpatriotic Canadian—though London has been his headquarters for 24 years, he still spends a part of every year in Canada—Weston argues that joining the Common Market would pull down British living standards and, more importantly, break the ties that link the Commonwealth nations. ("Why are you British deserting us?" he once asked Britain's Queen Mother.) Extension of Common Market tariff walls to Britain would probably force his British bakeries to buy French instead of Canadian wheat.

Ensuring the Succession. Throughout his business life, Weston has reserved two full days a week for his sizable family—six daughters and three sons, two of whom now work in Weston enterprises in Australia and Ireland. He has also made sure that control of his business will pass to his children. To do so, he has limited his family's private fortune to an estimated \$400 million and put the bulk of the Weston business ventures under the control of two family-run charitable foundations, one for North America and one for the sterling area. Thus most of the Weston holdings will escape inheritance tax. Weston is no man to talk retirement. "Why," he booms, "in five years' time we'll hit \$4 billion a year."

* The other two: A. & P. and Safeway Stores.



CAVIAR FOR CHEMISTS

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*Reg. T/M



Diamond Chemicals

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CINEMA

Passion in Hellas

Phaedra proves a number of things: that Jules Dassin knows how to direct a movie; that antique Greek tragedy can be done as modern cinema brilliantly and meaningfully; that Melina Mercouri is as achingly believable as a tragedienne as she was believably zany as a comedienne (in *Never on Sunday*); and that Tony Perkins had better go back to making thrillers for Hitchcock.

Taking a classic myth that had been dramatized already by Euripides, Seneca and Racine, Dassin and Margerita Liberaki have fashioned a new *Phaedra* that is honest, beautiful and quite terrifying. Mercouri, as Phaedra, is the second wife of an Onassis-like ship tycoon, played with bouncy virility by Ral Vallone, Tony Perkins. Vallone's son by his first marriage, is bumming around London, dabbling in paint and nursing a grudge against both father and stepmother.

When Vallone dispatches Mercouri to London to persuade Perkins to come to Greece for the summer, the iron gate of tragedy begins creakingly to close. She falls in love with him; later, in Paris, she abandons her Joan Crawfordish role of older-woman-attracted-to-younger-man and seduces him with Hellenic thoroughness. It happens on the floor, and the camera chronicles the event with a mixture of cinematic symbolism and Aubusson-scorching realism.

By the time Perkins gets to Greece, Mercouri is desperate. His ardor for her has cooled; he feels she has tricked him into coming to visit his father; she can no longer bear for Vallone to touch her. She watches as Perkins' affection for his father grows, shutting her out of their lives. Lurking always in the background is the sinister figure of her maid, a maniacal mystic possessing an unnatural affection for her mistress. The maid warns Mercouri: "Put that boy out of your heart or everything will fall."

The fall comes swiftly, as one by one, the characters in *Phaedra* plunge into the vortex of tragedy, stark and classic.



MERCOURI
Lustful stepmother.

► Scene: Wives of the crew members of Vallone's newest ship, the S.S. *Phaedra*, standing mutely in the corridor outside his office to await news of the shipwreck that has killed most of their husbands. The women are swathed in rusty black, and Mercouri, a vengeful virago in white silk, elbows her way savagely through the crowd as she seeks out Vallone to tell him that she and Perkins have been lovers.

► Scene: Vallone, already torn with grief over the ship disaster, hears Mercouri's declaration, summons Perkins into his office. In a rage he sweeps the objects on his desk to the floor, slaps him viciously again and again, slashing Perkins' face with his ring. Vallone: "Get out of Greece! Carry my curse wherever you go!" Perkins, leaving, with blood covering his face: "I loved you."

► Scene: Perkins in his sports car, the radio blaring Bach organ music, careens along the coast screaming "Phaedra! Phaedra! Phaedra . . ."

Dassin's black-and-white photography, like his direction, is lean and fluid. Only Perkins seems too Ivy to wear Greek laurels, too shrill to be quite convincing at the moment of his terrible doom. The film is full of symbolism, rich in parallels to the original *Phaedra* myth; in Racine's version, Phaedra's stepson is killed racing his chariot on the beach, where he is attacked by a sea monster; in Dassin's film, Perkins swerves to miss a huge truck, plunges into the sea. Still Dassin manages to make the present-day setting and characters—a microcosm of rich Greek society—entirely credible and wholly worthy of the theme, and in doing so has succeeded in bringing to the screen that most treacherous of all dramatic forms: high tragedy.

Sex Tabby

A Very Private Affair is a very sad affair. Brigitte Bardot, the once cuddly sex kitten, has grown into a sullen tabby, and though New Wave Director Louis Malle is lavish with cinematic catnip (she pouts, flounces and appears in all sorts of bottomless costumes), nothing seems to bring back the young BB.



BY FRIEDMAN

BARDOT
Unwilling idol.

Malle's merciless closeups, more eloquent than the script, make the picture's point: it's hard for a mere woman to be a movie goddess. *Aflair's* scenario is creepily Bardographical. It tells the story of a simple girl who doesn't enjoy being a movie idol. She signs autographs as if on her own death warrant, views mobs of admirers from the back seat of her white Citroën like some tumbrel-borne Marie Antoinette, hysterically adopts a lover-of-the-week policy. Finally, after fainting in the midst of a rabble of fans who are chanting her name outside a movie house, she speeds back home to Geneva, determined to give it all up. There she plods into the none-too-reluctant arms of Marcello Mastroianni, takes up residence in his apartment, tries suicide in his bathroom, follows him to Spoleto, Director Malle's somewhat awkward purpose in getting her to Italy is to expose her to the flashbulb-popping *paparazzi*, who destroy her with cameras. The scenery is beautiful, but audiences unaccustomed to BB in a bitter-dregs role may yearn for the bubbly vintage Bardot that used to be one of France's most delicious exports.

Goddess in the Flesh

Devi follows the triumphant "Apu" trilogy (*Pather Panchali*, *Aparajito*, *The World of Apu*) of India's young producer-director, Satyajit Ray. If it does not quite measure up to the earlier triumphs, it is probably because the new film lacks the trilogy's earthy excitement. For instead of dealing with the struggles and ordeals of a poor-but-proud lower-class family, *Devi* moves through the silk and saffron world of a rich household in 19th century India.

The people in *Devi* (The Goddess) seem almost like temple carvings come to life before Ray's camera. A rich and deeply religious old patriarch dreams that his 17-year-old daughter-in-law (Sharmila Tagore) is an incarnation of a goddess. The girl, eager to please, allows herself to be decked out in flowers and jewels, to be ensconced in an altar outside her father-in-law's house where streams of peasants and holy men come to make obeisance. When a beggar's sick grandson recovers



BY FRIEDMAN
TAGORE
Reluctant deity.

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in her presence, the event is hailed as a miracle, and even the girl begins to doubt her own mortality.

Her husband, a proud young student who has embraced Western ideas at college in Calcutta, returns to his father's home to discover that his wife has been deified, and tries to take her away with him. But she wavers: "What if I am a goddess? The child was cured"—and she stays behind. Her little nephew falls ill, and instead of being cared for by a doctor, the child is placed in the arms of the goddess. He dies. When her husband returns once more, determined to take her away, it is too late: she has gone mad.

Ray's photography is beautifully composed, always evocative of mood and moment (a crescent boat on a lonely, twilit river seems to whisper the young husband's hope of escape for himself and his wife). But it is Sharmila Tagore's remarkable eyes that set the scene and fill the screen whenever she is in view: their match can be found only in peacock's plumes.

Borstal Boycott

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, a piece of skill but specious pleading for the British proletariat, ominously suggests that the battles of World War III may be lost on the playing fields of her Majesty's reform schools.

Expanded from a short story by Alan Sillitoe, *Loneliness* recites the lugubrious case history of a mill-town ragamuffin (Tom Courtenay) who winds up as a Borstal boy. As he reaches reform school, the hero is met by "the Guv'nor" (Michael Redgrave). "You're here to work hard and play hard," his nobs announces with an intolerably self-righteous smirk. "We're here to try and make something of you."

We, it turns out, are a rogues' gallery of stupid, brutal and arrogant attendants. In self-defense the hero tries to decide who he is and what made him that way. A succession of sometimes awkward flashbacks shows a dismal flat in a dismal slum, a father dying of some unspeakable capitalist contagion, a mother playing around with her "fancy man," a burglary of no more importance than a raid on the cookie jar, a relentless agent of the law who brings the hero to what the picture plainly does not think is justice. In the end, given the chance to win his freedom by winning a big race for the greater glory of the Guv'nor, the lad leads the way right up to the finish line—and stops. Why? Because he suddenly makes up his mind that if he has to play the game according to the rotten inhuman rules laid down by The Establishment, he would rather not play at all.

Unfortunately, the hero is too palpably prolier-than-thou, his case is too obviously rigged. Fortunately, Actor Courtenay is excellent (*TIME*, Sept. 14). As he plays the hero, his chest is phthisical, his voice is a noise among incessant city noises, his face is as hard and blank as city pavement, his eyes are as dark and empty as broken windows in an abandoned mill.

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BOOKS

Potshots at the Pentagon

FAIL-SAFE (286 pp.)—Eugene Burdick & Harvey Wheeler—McGraw-Hill (\$4.95).

SEVEN DAYS IN MAY (341 pp.)—Fletcher Knebel & Charles W. Bailey II—Harper & Row (\$4.95).

There is a rush on inside novels about big-time politics in Washington, and each author tries to outdo the last in dreaming up fantastic political skulduggery that has never occurred and never will. The

before they can be stopped, they have done just that. President Kennedy frantically calls Premier Khrushchev. Says Kennedy: "All day you and I have sat here fighting, not each other, but rather this big rebellious, computerized system, struggling to keep it from blowing up the world." Replies a chastened Khrushchev: "Yes, we both trusted these systems too much. You can never trust any system, Mr. President, whether it is made of computers, or of people."

Plotting Ward Heelers. There is scarcely a patriotic military man to be found in *Seven Days in May*. They are all engaged in a plot to overthrow the President because he has negotiated a disarmament treaty with Russia. Chief conspirator is the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General James Scott, who combines Eisenhower's charm with MacArthur's hauteur. Knebel-Bailey save the country from the conspirators, but they might as well have let the military take over, considering that the political savvy of their top politicos is somewhere below the ward heeler level. The Vice President, for instance, talks like a Greenwich Village grocer. "You want Ivy League manners," he tells the President, who rebukes him for his table manners; "you should have picked someone from Princeton to run with you—and lost, maybe."

Though *Fail-Safe* is a far more competent gee-whiz job than *Seven Days*, neither author team can create believable characters. The reason is built into the nature of the genre. For if these characters were convincing human beings of the sort who actually run things—and whose very character and competence prevent the calamities involved—there would be no books.

"My Own Boy . . ."

THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE (958 pp.)—Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis—Harcourt, Brace & World (\$15).

The gods had given me almost everything. I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring: I made art a philosophy, and philosophy an art: I altered the minds of men and the colors of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder . . . I summed up all systems in a phrase, and all existence in an epigram.

So wrote the unhappy prisoner of Reading Gaol to Lord Alfred Douglas in the long, bitter, loving letter that is the core of this collection and that must be the basis of any attempt to understand Oscar Wilde. Wilde's favorite paradox was: "Man is least himself when he talks in his own person; give him a mask and he will tell you the truth." But there are rare crises when the mask is torn away and truth spills from the naked soul. The mask of England's sharpest wit and most industrious idler fell away in Reading Gaol, after the decade's most scandalous

trial had resulted in his conviction for pederasty. The Wilde of this epistolary confession, here published for the first time in full (though it has been published previously in heavily edited versions as *De Profundis*), is anything but a philosophical trifler who can dismiss all existence in an epigram.

Until Editor Hart-Davis made this exhaustive collection, few of Wilde's letters were available, and of those in print, many had been bowdlerized. For Wilde's trials left British society with a sense of collective embarrassment that lingered for decades. The author's son Vyvyan lived a life of "concealment and repression" under the name Holland. In 1946, when Hesketh Pearson published what is still the only good biography of Wilde, the playwright was still a forbidden subject among many who had known him, and much material necessary to a biographer simply was not available.

Greek & Graceful. The letters show Wilde as something far more than the talented fop of his own self-caricature. The collection begins with fond early letters from Wilde to his friends at Magdalen College, Oxford. Their nicknames are "Kitten," "Bouncer" and "Puss" (Wilde's was "Hosky"). Wilde's active homosexuality is not thought to have begun until years later; nothing is to be inferred from cute nicknames or cuddly phrases beyond the surrogate sexuality common to young upper-class British males in Victorian times. The public-school youth of those years lived a womanless life from the time he left the nursery till he was ready to marry, and Wilde was merely one side of the Victorian coin whose obverse was that ascetic, womanless hero, General Charles ("Chinee") Gordon.

The reader observes Wilde's polite overtures to literary elders ("I take the liberty of sending you a short monograph. . . .



BURDICK & WHEELER
Authors on the badwagon.

latest to climb on the badwagon are the writing teams of Burdick-Wheeler and Knebel-Bailey. Their target is the Pentagon. According to their spicy exposés, it is a den of some of the most hideous monsters this side of Cyclops' cave.

Emotional Neuters. Burdick, who swings wildly, and sometimes below the belt, at American diplomats in his book *The Ugly American*, swings just as hard at scientists advising the Pentagon. Walter Groteschele, *Fail-Safe's* villain, is a caricature of a scientist, who advocates preventive war in scholarly treatises and exults in private: "Knowing you have to die, imagine how fantastic it would be to have the power to take everyone else with you. The untold billions of them. They are murderers: born to be murdered and don't know it. And the person with his finger on the button is the one who knows and who can do it."

Pentagon scientists, write Burdick-Wheeler, have reduced men to automatons. An underground missile base in Colorado gives the "sensation of entering an ingenious collective coffin," populated by swarms of "emotional neuters, technicians of a greater terror taught to ignore the unalterable end of their work."

The scientists get their comeuppance when a computer misfires. Planes are accidentally signaled to bomb Moscow, and



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It is little more than a stray sheet from a boy's diary"), watches with tolerance as the young wit, in an endless series of newspaper debates, carefully builds his reputation for outrageousness, and follows the unpredictable triumph of his American lecture tour, as the 27-year-old aesthete, dressed in velvet doublet and knee breeches, lectures enthusiastic Leadville miners on Italian art (Pearson's biography helps explain the Leadville success: it seems that Wilde wowed the miners by drinking them under the table). Wilde wrote back from Missouri: "Outside my window about a quarter of a mile to the west there stands a little yellow house, with a green paling, and a crowd of people pulling it all down. It is the house of the great train-robber and murderer, Jesse James, who was shot by his pal last week, and the people are relic-hunters. The Americans are certainly great hero-worshippers, and always take their heroes from the criminal classes."

The Supreme Vice. Wilde was a talker, one of the best who ever lived, and perhaps because he needed the stimulus of conversation, his letters were not so witty as his talk. Rather, the letters confirm Pearson's estimate of Wilde as a man utterly without meanness of spirit, the kindest and most gracious of egomaniacs. Constantly he is seen doing a kindness, praising another author, gracefully laughing off an insult. His own wit, unlike that of his artist friend Whistler, almost never dealt in insults (except when he was insulting Whistler). Wilde observed in one letter that Whistler's only really original artistic opinions were those in which he claimed superiority to other artists).

The long dalliance with the fretful young fop Douglas begins with besotted love notes ("My Own Boy, it is a marvel that those red rose-leaf lips of yours should have been made no less for music of song than for madness of kisses") and reaches its most wretched state in the 87-page *De Profundis* letter. Here Wilde, having come to terms with remorse, attempted to scourge the consistently childlike Douglas into an adult assessment of his own character. The passages of confession are moving and wise; for perhaps the only time in his life, Wilde looked at himself clearly and steadily. He wrote, at one point in the letter, that the supreme vice is shallowness. The great talker had that vice; he had also, though he spent a lifetime trying to conceal it, the painful virtue of depth.

Subhuman Wasteland

THE EDGE OF THE ALPHABET (303 pp.)
—Janet Frame—Braziller (\$4.95).

"Man is the only species for whom the disposal of waste is a burden . . . especially when he learns to include himself, living and dead, in the list of waste products." Thus does Author Janet Frame begin a strange book about three wasted lives in a dim world that she calls "the edge of the alphabet." The phrase has a properly demented ring, and because Novelist Frame, in both fact and fiction, has

spent some time in asylums, the reader at first thinks he is once more on the now depressingly familiar fictional grounds of a mental institution.

Instead, the edge of the alphabet proves to be a nebulous psychological limbo whose inhabitants are all the lonely, half-crippled, emotional misfits who exist on the pallid fringes of the everyday world. It is presided over by a weird, bodiless, placeless woman, Thora Pattern, from whose papers the story purports to be taken. Roving back and forth in time, to and fro in her subjects' minds, Thora Pattern records the edge-of-the-alphabet lives of three people seen on a boat trip from New Zealand and in London after it.

Kiss in the Dark. Toby Withers, a hulking middle-aged epileptic, is given to holding little talks with his dead mother,



JANET FRAME
Notes from a new limbo.
JERRY BAUER

compulsively wets his bed and picks his nose, afterward, as Miss Frame relentlessly reports, "peering curiously at the little blobs of salvage." Irishman Pat Keenan talks in obsessive clichés about the threat of "foreigners and blacks," is too troubled by nightmarish fear of the Blessed Virgin to get married. Ex-Schoolteacher Zoe Brych broods endlessly upon her first kiss, which occurred when she was 37. It was perpetrated by an unshaven seaman who crept to her bed in the ship's hospital, kissed her and disappeared unrecognized forever.

Racing off into poetry and surrealistic invocations of death and decay and loneliness, Janet Frame's story occasionally bogs down in unintelligibility, often seems tainted by abnormal morbidity. But as in her earlier books (*Owls Do Cry*, *Faces in the Water*), she writes with power and makes the dismal fumbling of her creatures seem touching, compels the reader finally to accept as looming mountains the emotional molehills that are the topography of starved lives. Toby sustains

a whole lifetime upon one moment of triumph: the time when his grammar school teacher read his paper on "The Lost Tribe" to the class. Awakened by the kiss, Zoe's womanly urge to create something, anything, is fulfilled just once—when she twists some tinfoil into the semblance of a sculptured forest scene and is admired for it. "The communication of my life," she sums herself up, "a kiss in mid-ocean between myself and a half-drunk man. The creation of my life—oh my God!—a silver-paper shape fashioned from the remains of an empty cigarette packet!"

As the book progresses, the message becomes clear—not new, but in this handling hard to shrug away. These poor creatures, isolated, inarticulate, fearful of showing their numbed feelings but more terrified still of dying without ever having been known to anyone, are vignettes of everyman—in foreboding miniature. In the prose-poetry of her alter ego, Author Frame asks her unanswered question:

*Will Time publish us too as grotesque,
purposeless
beyond the range of human language . . .
turned and torn curiously by the
illiterate years
till our story is sealed at last
till no human mind remains to trace
the compelling reason,
the marginal dream?*

The Garbagepickers

WHERE LOVE HAS GONE [350 pp.]
—Harold Robbins—Simon & Schuster
(\$4.95).

What makes a sleazy novel sell a million copies? "Sex," the alert student replies instantly. But the answer, while largely true, does not entitle him to go to the head of the class. If a bestseller listing could be assured merely by the presence in a novel of enough undressed puppets, publishers would drink less black coffee and more champagne. Actually pop-novel sex has become fairly standard, as has pop-novel prose. Competitors watch each other carefully; if Grace Metalious builds her fall line around flagellation, Rona Jaffe counters with fetishism. Already the point has passed where even abnormal sex can shock; to twitchy teenagers hovering around drugstore racks, Kraft-Ebing is no big deal.

Something more is needed, and as is usually the case, someone has found out what it is. The new lord of the garbage heap is Harold Robbins, a sometime Hollywood screenwriter whose long novel *The Carpetbaggers* ran into the millions of sales. Robbins writes with a spade, and of course he heaped *Carpetbaggers* with sex; a choice passage follows a call girl as she shaves a particularly hairy client with a straight razor and jasmine soap, dumps him into a jumbo bathtub, pours champagne over him as if he were a quart of fresh strawberries, then jumps in to help him splash.

Lurid Headliners. To the standard you-are-there-under-the-couch voyeurism, Robbins has added carefully observed

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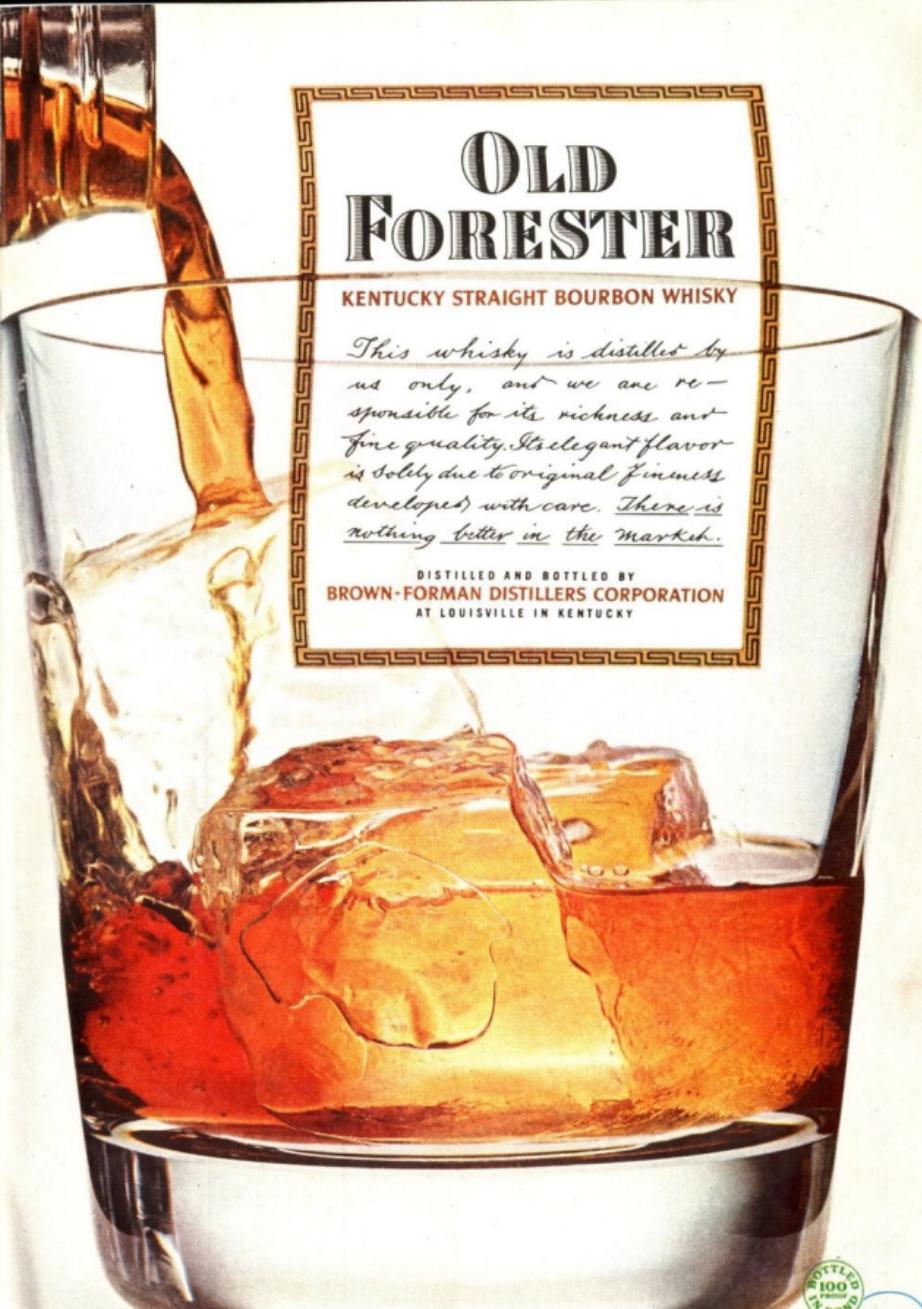
Harold Robbins
Gossip was the gimmick.

studies of Mike Hammer's biff-bam psychopathology and Cash McCall's high-finance inside-dopesterism. But the ingredient in the mix that comes nearest to being Robbins' own is the gossip gimmick. He picks a public personage who has figured in lurid headlines, changes his name and a few unimportant details, and writes the novel around him—leaving him as difficult to identify as Liz Taylor in a false beard. In the case of *The Carpetbaggers*, although of course Robbins would deny it, the model for the main character was erratic Millionaire Howard Hughes. The book conforms to most of what is publicly known about Hughes, and the reader is clearly intended to assume that the lurid remainder is steaming-hot inside gossip.

The advantages of Robbins' gimmick are: 1) there is absolutely no necessity that the author know any inside gossip, and 2) there are almost no risks. Where *Confidential Magazine* got into trouble by naming names and implying facts, Robbins merely gets rich by naming "facts" and implying names.

Through the Sawdust. Beyond any question, the characters and central incident of Robbins' new novel, *If Here Love Has Gone*, are those of the pitiful 1958 murder case in which Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter, killed Howard Stompanato, her mother's lover. As usual, some of the details are disguised and some patently fallacious: the mother, for instance, is a beautiful, rich sculptress instead of an actress. Also as usual, the disguises will fool no one, nor are they intended to. Legions of innocents will pick through Robbins' sawdust prose translating "Dani Carey" to Cheryl Crane as they go, and assume at the end that they have been told something about the real-life figures.

Here Robbins' bad taste becomes really impressive: setting a new West Coast record for *hutzpah*, he supplies an "inside" ending to the murder case quite different from what the court determined in the actual Stompanato affair. But this is merely a matter for quiet pride; what is important is that Robbins climbs out of his garbage heap smelling like money.



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